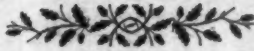
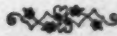


*J. & Z. Zetlin*

THE  
QUARTERLY  
MUSICAL REVIEW.



EDITED BY  
HENRY HILES, Mus.D.



Vol. III.]

AUGUST, 1887.

[No. 11.]

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THE

# Quarterly Musical Review.

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## HARMONY.

IN the article commenced on page 80 of the first volume of this Journal I endeavoured to trace the sway of rhythmic action from the instant when audible vibrations, or globules, of sound amalgamate in one continuous stream, through all the ripples, currents, and waves of that ever-widening and deepening flow; and to show the entire unity of principle which pervades and regulates the whole course.

The paper was intended as a rough sketch of a very broad area, of which each little section requires careful examination and measurement. And I might, with perfect propriety, have adopted the heading which I have placed at the top of this page: for Rhythm and Harmony are interchangeable terms, signifying proportion, smoothness and agreement. Indeed, music altogether is harmony; positive or negative. Harmony is everything: it includes the whole science and art of sound. It is the beginning and the end of the whole matter.

But the term is generally used with a restricted and more technical sense; to denote the influence which sounds have, one upon another, as regards their *pitch*, and to describe the effect of parallel streams of vibrations, with their attractions and repulsions. The study of Harmony is understood to mean the selection of that part of the general science of sounds which concerns attunement and smoothness of union; rather than research into wider and farther-reaching consequences.

Rhythmic law governs all musical intonations, and grows stronger with all variations of pitch, however unconnected or harsh the change may be. Technically, the rules of Harmony affect only those variations of pitch, regulating and adjusting the changes. Even when thus limited in width, the depth of the subject is sufficient to baffle our

keenest research. But I propose to take up this special matter; not with a view to anything like its full consideration, but with an effort to clear away one or two quite needless perplexities; to point out what, in our study, we should aim at; and to show in what respects the usual teaching of what must be a deeply scientific matter is most unscientific, unsatisfactory, and desultory.

Concerning the very basis of Harmony extremely crude and contradictory ideas have prevailed, and the most arbitrary dogmas have been advanced. Writers upon the subject have obscured their teaching by mixing up all kinds of fanciful notions concerning the spontaneity, character, and qualities of sounds; have addressed themselves to the propounding of elaborate theories, the establishment of involved complexities; have yielded to the temptation to enact a high-sounding, clever-looking, code of laws and bye-laws; instead of being devoted to the tracing out, little by little, the operations of a simple, pervading, inexhaustible, ever-acting force. Thus have they afforded further evidence of our natural proneness to look too high, too far away; to the neglect of smaller, and nearer-home matters. The crowning point of all study is only the absolute, conclusive, final confirmation of the very first really useful discovery;—that all Nature's works are guided by a rigid economy and by the utmost simplicity of means.

The harmony of sounds is a mere question of sympathy or agreement—of that intermediate stage in the development of the law of consonance which regulates near-akin sounds, or the ratios of compact cycles of vibrations. Nothing could be plainer, more clearly demonstrated, or capable of being more easily comprehended. The fascination of dragging into the question the composite character of apparently simple sounds, of involving ourselves in the intricacies attending the dissection of sounds of different qualities, of absorbing and mystifying the mind amid a maze of upper and lower "partials," must be steadily resisted. However interesting all these matters may be to the acoustician, they have nothing whatever to do with the work of the practical musician, but serve only to draw attention away from really important matters.

But, even could we approve the fanciful idea which supposes our system to be derived from the "partials" of two or three intimately related and prominently audible intonations, that approval would (if honestly fathomed) certify our acceptance of the principle of consonance; upon which alone could the relationship of those prominently audible intonations depend.

Without, in the least degree, undervaluing the explanatory worth of recent investigations into *qualities* of sound, it is imperiously demanded by all practical musicians, and especially in the interest of all young students of music, that an absolute denial be opposed to the claim that those investigations throw any light whatever upon rudimentary questions respecting the harmony-use of sounds.

During very many past generations every organ player has appreciated the value of upper partials in the colouring of clang-tints; but has felt that the consonance, or dissonance, of sounds must depend upon some inherent property of the *principal* vibrations; and may not be materially changed by any alteration in the quality of tone.

And the staunchest advocate of the "derivation" doctrine would not contend that the truth of his theory is self-evident; or that the arbitrary selection of some of the partials of a given sound, and the equally arbitrary exclusion of others, could be justified by any law of figures, of proportion, or of affinity.

Beyond all question, then, consonance is the foundation, the one possible basis, of music. Every slight departure from it enforces the rule. Even the little discrepancies in our scales—which are, sometimes, supposed to be flaws in the system—are evidences of the pervading power of consonance. Every dissonance introduced in modern music renders homage to the law of agreement.

To so understand the principles of that law as to become dominated by their power is the first duty of a would-be musician. To aid in the inculcation of such a healthy rule, and to show its abiding efficacy, should be the primary and constant object of the teacher.

After clearing away the obscurity with which the first steps of a student are so persistently embarrassed, an effort should be made to counteract that antiquarian tone of mind which appears to pervade most mere theoretical musicians; to keep within reasonable limit their veneration for all ancient beliefs and their undue estimate of the disciplinary value of all old exercises.

When the tempered scale is agreed to, our ultra-conservative grammarians often talk as though they adopted it grudgingly; with a reservation in favour of some better system, the clue to the use of which has been lost. Having emerged into a pure air they cannot enjoy themselves unreservedly, will not throw off their respirators and breathe freely, but must—as is said to be the habit of our nation—take their pleasure grumblingly.

The various consonant chords, formed by our twelve divisions of an octave, should all be good. The major triads are equally pure; one minor triad is just as good as another. In the old and ill-adjusted scale there were triads *and* triads: now there are only two patterns of consonant chords—major and minor. Formerly there were many pitfalls in a scale. Those snares have disappeared; but we, sometimes, affect to believe them still there, ready to entangle us.

There was a “wolf”—so ancient a beast as to have become respected merely on account of its antiquity. Now the wolf has been killed: but we keep on crying—“Wolf! Wolf!” to the great amusement of stronger-nerved folk, but to the hindrance of the young and timid. Worse! we are fitful in our apprehension of the brute. Sometimes he is supposed to be close to us, ready to spring; and, anon, he entirely disappears; and we travel safely over his very lair, with astonishing bravado. But we never may be quite sure that he is not lurking round the corner, prepared to dart upon unwary travellers. He is a terror to us: and yet has a fascination even for those most convinced of his reality and ferocity. There are those who aver that they have seen him; or, at least, have heard his howl; and who, although they dare not loiter near his den, still seem unable to leave him quite undisturbed.

A minor triad on the major mediant of any scale has still an uncanny kind of reputation. In its best form it is supposed to retain an imperfection that really vanished long ago: but, in its first inversion it is—with extreme comicality—pronounced harmless. It is like the children's game of “make believe.” Really, it is a mixing up of two, essentially different, matters:—a confusion of difficulties of progression with supposed inherent imperfections. We shall, presently, come to other, and grosser, mistakes of the same kind.

Of the three sounds of the chord in question, two are consonances of the tonic, even belonging to its own major triad. Therefore, *they* may pass muster.

But the third sound is the more pungent of the two dissonances of the simple (or diatonic) scale: it is, in fact, the “leading-note”; having, *whenever* it is used, a restless, leading, tendency. It has that inclination strongly in the dominant chord: but who forbids the use of that powerful triad? It has it, very much diluted, in the mediant triad. Why should we, after swallowing the camel, be squeamish about the gnat?

Is the leading character of the seventh of a scale objectionable? Then avoid it altogether! Even could we admit the monstrous

doctrine that it is hateful when weak but good when strong, still such an objection to the mediant triad should apply even more completely to its inversions than to its most consonant form.

From whatever point of view we regard it, the dislike of the leading note on the mediant base, while it is accepted on the dominant (either as the proper, or as a substituted, base) is most perplexing.

Similarly, objections continue to be urged against the *consonance* of second inversions of some triads. It is imagined that some consonances, being inverted, become dissonances. Again there is a mixing up of two essentially different matters, a confusion of ideas.

Of the three forms which a consonant triad may assume, those which have either the fifth, or the root, as the base are far more compact, sonorous, and telling than that arrangement which is placed over—but, certainly, does not *rest* upon—the third, or sensitive note, of the chord.

Let us try to understand this point.

The roughness of the old style of harmony—the diatonic school, absurdly called the “strict,” but more truly termed “crude”—was caused by the juxtaposition of unconnected chords, of unlinked triads.

To obtain smoothness of harmony two things must be, constantly, observed. Simultaneous sounds must accord, or must point to their authority, their reconciling basis of agreement; and consecutively used sounds, also, must have due affinity. The principle is established on the very threshold of harmony by the fact that the tonic of any scale or system is the sole bond of union between even the two dominants of the scale.

Thus, there should be a succession of related chords; adjoining harmonies having always some degree of affinity. Such a binding together should be broken only when (as in a “broken cadence”) some dissonant combination has such a decided leading tendency as to cause compliance with that inclination to yield a gratification that overpowers all abruptness of progression.

Generally, to proceed from one well-established consonant triad to an entirely different set of sounds produces—even when the parts, individually, make thoroughly good progressions—a sort of jerky, bumping movement. Two triads upon adjoining notes—even those of the sub-dominant and the dominant—produce such an effect: and one of the chief advantages of adding the root of the former to the triad of the latter is the smoothness resulting from the establishment of such a connection between otherwise unrelated harmonies

To bring out pungently the incongruity of unconnected triads they should be used in similar form. Hence the great harshness of consecutive fifths. Two sounds a perfect fifth apart materially strengthen and confirm each the other; so that, by proceeding in parallel lines from C to D with the same force and quality of tone, and without the intervention of a crossing part, the dissonance of G with F and of D with C is wonderfully increased and most distinctly exhibited. Still greater harshness naturally results when each part moves only a semitone; such a progression being exceeded in ugliness only when the parts, individually, make awkward (because dissonant) progressions, as from C to F $\sharp$ , or from G to C $\sharp$ .

In none of the supposed progressions has the first fifth anything of a leading tendency; so that the incongruity of the sequence is not mitigated by the gratification of any expectancy.

Should the parts be inverted the characteristics of the progressions would remain; although slightly alleviated, because the solidity, the reinforcing power, and the sonority of each combination would be lessened. Still, without some effectual covering, such progressions must be ugly.

Of the same nature is the disagreeable effect of what are called "hidden fifths and fourths," produced by the skipping in the same direction of the outer (and, therefore, prominent) strata of the harmony to a fifth or fourth. And the whole danger of approaching the second inversion of a triad is surmounted when the progression of the extreme parts is properly managed.

How simple the requirement! And, yet, what a perplexity these second inversions have been made to generation after generation of musicians, by the lack of a clear insight into the real nature of the objection to their free use.

Poor  $\frac{6}{4}$ ! What a worry it has been made to us: and how reluctant our schoolmasters are to admit it into our grammar books! Surely, the obvious fact that any difficulty there may attach to its use is one of progression, and not of combination, should, long ago, have suggested a solution of the problem.

Successions of unrelated major thirds are attended by like effects, although materially modified by the less consonant (and, therefore, less reinforcing) character of the combinations. And a progression from a major third to a perfect fifth is similarly flavoured when-



ever the bases of the consonances have the same lack of connection. In every case the harshness is one of unrelated chords, brightly exhibited by the reinforcing influence of the combined sounds. Thus, all the necessary provision against objectionable consecutives (prominent, or partially hidden), together with all that was true in the old "rule of the tritone," may be summed up in a short, simple, and easily-remembered rule.

But I have mentioned another way of avoiding the nasty jerk often caused by a leap from one chord to another.

By the use of dissonant sounds almost any sequence of chords may be rendered tolerable. Familiarity with this fact leads to vastly-enlarged ideas of the resources of harmony, opening out new paths and showing a way over otherwise insurmountable obstacles.

The leading tendency of a dominant triad has been referred to. The addition of a minor seventh to that triad marked an era, almost a revolution, in the history of harmony. The results were inevitable, although only slowly perceived. In the principle of the stereotyped progression called an "interrupted cadence" (or, more clearly, an interruption of the cadence, or full close, of a musical sentence) were involved a thousand possibilities, not yet fully appreciated. All difficulties in the management of unrelated chords vanished. The fetters of the diatonic school were broken: and freedom and variety, combined with smoothness of harmony, were brought within reach.

But, as a sensible theory of scale derivation has yet to be given in our guide books, as no rational explanation of the objectionable character of certain consecutives has yet been vouchsafed, and as, still, almost every accidental sharp or flat is viewed as a suspicious and disturbing character, we must not expect to have an understandable explanation, table, or classification of discords. We are not yet agreed as to the principles upon which a chromatic scale is founded. Generally, it is not viewed as a natural growth, as embodying a more finely graded series of notes belonging to a key, or family, of sounds; but is looked upon as a dangerous, uncanny kind of thing, a wicked invention by the devil, to undermine the faith of musicians, and to lead them astray from the good old paths. Why could they not rest satisfied with seven sounds, and be content to alternate between three or four triads, the very consonance of each combination preventing its assimilation to its neighbours? A plague on the fellow who invented sharps and flats!

Well! as there is not the slightest chance of our ever being lured



back into the ancient (diatonic) fold, we may as well try to understand what a chromatic scale is, and to what it certainly leads.

Just like the diatonic, the chromatic scale is founded upon a triad. Given a base-note, we have first its consonant major or minor triad ; then the four intermediate sounds of the simple scale ; and, finally, the nicer distinctions of pitch, the smaller steps, of the more complicated series. Those intermediate notes (whether four or nine) are dissonances of the base-note : they are little pungencies needing toning down and grinding aright ; leading to, or leading upon, the triad-sound nearest to them ; having a tendency to go to the nearest pitch consonant with the base.

But that tendency may easily be diverted. The inclination is elastic, yielding, pliant. The most beautiful effects are obtainable by turning round the face of a dissonant sound ; by the slightest change of its course. Such effects are entirely and essentially modern. They have been discovered since the law-making ages ; and are, therefore, left outside the code ; are illegal, wicked, and necessarily tolerated ; but not recognised as entirely reputable and safe.

Their very titles are not settled. Some are called "chromatic dissonances" ; others are christened "changing notes". Some are known as "auxiliary" sounds ; and there is, even, a lazy tendency to smuggle in the more difficult to interpret as mere "passing notes" ; as though, the principal sounds of chords being correctly defined, a few nondescript notes might safely be sprinkled in by a kind of slap-dash, haphazard, process.

It is true that a musician always does imagine, not only an underlying base for his harmony, but also a major or a minor triad, resting upon, and giving a character to, that base. A singer has no chance of correctly intoning the twelve sounds of a chromatic scale while regarding them merely as a series of equal steps between a given note and its octave. There must be a recognition of well-defined landmarks, certain calling places, where the correctness of progress may be verified. Generally, and with far more assurance, the vocalist gauges the distance traversed by measuring the sounds from, or attuning them by, the underlying *major* triad of the base of the scale.

Very conveniently, the intermediate dissonant sounds are called by letter, or syllabic, names not belonging to the sounds of the triad. A dissonant sound and its "resolution" (that is, the note to which it is resolved to go) are distinguished by different names. So that—supposing a major triad of C, as the skeleton triad upon which a chromatic scale

is founded—the series of sounds would be named thus

C  $\flat$  D  $\sharp$  D  $\sharp$  D  $\sharp$  E F  $\sharp$  F G  $\flat$  A  $\sharp$  A  $\flat$  B  $\sharp$  B C.

All the sounds distinguished by the smaller letters are admissible upon the same plea, the same right. All need resolution: each one is dissonant, and tends toward a more restful, consonant pitch. The “leading” character of the  $\sharp$  B resembles that of the  $\sharp$  D, and that of the  $\sharp$  F. A *leaning* character belongs to the  $\flat$  D, the F, the  $\flat$  A, and, less decidedly, to the  $\sharp$  A: whereas the other notes—D and  $\flat$  B—may be considered free to seek a position of rest either above or below. All this is perfectly simple: and, were we restricted to such progressions, the different pretences under which the various sounds are smuggled into our chromatic series would matter little.

Thus we learn our first lesson in the science of dissonance;—the distinguishing feature of that modern music which commenced with the recognition of the value of a leading note.

The SCIENCE OF DISSONANCE! What is it? It is the strongest evidence of the necessity of consonance.

If the foolish old saying—“the exception proves the rule”—ever could be true this would be the solitary instance of its veracity. For, as the charms of peace are most appreciated after a squabble, so nothing so thoroughly proves the absolute power of consonance as does the occasional absence of its quiet and restful agreement. And—strange antithesis!—the modern music, with its abundant dissonances, is smoother, more connected, and more consonant than the old diatonic song, which is popularly supposed to have been too “strict” to admit such ill-regulated sounds into its rigidly proper strains.

What do dissonances—properly used—do for our music?

Their help is twofold. Both by their admission and by their consequences they unite chords.

They work in two ways. A sound may be sustained through several combinations; sometimes dissonantly, and sometimes consonantly, linking them together: and, at its close, as a parting service, its determined resolution to proceed in a certain direction may render satisfactory a sequence of chords that, being unconnected, would otherwise be quite unsatisfactory.

And the laws of dissonance justify the claim that harmony is a science of minutest definition, of infinite range; a language of most varied and delicate tones of expression; an art of intensest poetry. Unhappily, although our knowledge of its principles expands rapidly, most of our

guide-books are as vague, unreasoning, and rudimentary as they were fifty years ago; the mere records of a few rules, invented when a chromatic scale was regarded with horror.

Music would, indeed, be a poor language, barren of variety, inflection, and expression, were we limited to the few terminations given us in our legal text books. A musician would have but small claim as a scientist were his power of classification restricted to the two or three stereotyped progressions yet admitted into his code of rules. He would be a miserable artist were his shades of colour, his delicacies of expression, and his means of poetic portrayal so meagre and inadequate as are the directions supplied to him during his apprenticeship.

Every dissonant sound has its natural inclinations, and several alternatives. It may be turned aside by any one of a score of devices: the natural, strong colour being shaded off in almost numberless ways by different mixings of counteracting tints. So many are the bye-paths, the deviations from the straight road, the new vistas that may be opened out, that even the fondness of our modern writers for experiments has not yet nearly surveyed and mapped out the whole course of any one—even the best known and most popular—dissonance; and has scarcely commenced the serious study of many of the pungencies of the chromatised system.

But, although (and, probably, *because*) our text-books give but little information concerning the many resolutions of dissonances, and still less respecting the principle in accordance with which satisfactory resolutions may be made, two or three of our modern practical musicians have been so wildly plunging into all sorts of far-fetched combinations, progressions, and resolutions that their "compositions" frequently have the very opposite of a *composing* effect. In fact, they often are extremely disturbing; filling the listener, or the intelligent reader of their scores, with forebodings of disaster.

Such is the state of confusion at which we have arrived. The antiquated theory has produced—by a natural reaction—a rebellious race of young experimenters, distressing our ears with "studies in discords," with unkeyed "tone-poems," with reminiscences of the night-mare. Like lads newly released from school, boisterously emerging from a too close restraint, they throw off the bonds of discipline; and, in noisy revelling, they rush into all kinds of extravagance. By an extraordinary freak of judgment they have been tutored for the comprehension of the music of the latter portion of the nineteenth century by being kept in

darkest ignorance of its fashion or its principles: and, at the end of their school days, they are turned adrift in a strange tumultuous sea, without a chart or pilot, and with the feeblest notions of navigation.

Could any course be more illogical, more absurd? After being for years carefully swaddled up in tight bands, until they are as helpless as mummies, with the dread, even, of the second inversion of a common chord, and bowing down in meek adoration before the mysteries of counterpoint, they are trusted, *without their nurses*, among people eagerly searching for novelty, having no respect for, or belief in, Greek scales, with no veneration for a crab-like canon, or for any other old myths. The poor bewildered student has no fixed principles enabling him to stem the tide of innovation. To believe what he has been taught in the musical nursery is an utter impossibility, however loyally he may be disposed. Nay! he is not quite sure about the loyalty of his old teachers to him: for some few things that, latterly, they showed him, just one or two modern notions that they so often quoted as to evince a positive liking for such "licences," seemed so out of keeping with the other articles in the orthodox, and zealously guarded, creed, as to disturb his faith in the stability of those old general principles which had been so carefully instilled.

Amid the general dryness of effect one or two chords crept in, endowed with alluring elasticity, with a kind of wicked, yielding, pliancy so charming, but so different from all the rest. And, even into the sternest, dryest, most unbending examination papers questions have intruded which appeared to mean that, although such sensuous combinations could not be admitted into the inner circle of sanctified harmonies, or permitted to desecrate the sacred mysteries of "counterpoint," still, in purely mundane song they might, perhaps, be favoured with a passing glance of recognition and toleration.

Of such slippery, doubtful character, one has, especially, been toyed with in idle moments—a strange compound of minor thirds, a sort of loose-jointed combination, that seemed to have no stamina, no backbone; but to be able to turn any way, and with a sinuous aliminess, to glide about in all directions. It was totally out of line with all the principles of harmony that were insisted upon by the ancients; although it had something of the look (only "more so") of the so-called "imperfect triad." But the creature appeared harmless, and became quite a pet; being trotted out frequently, and exhibited as an interesting curiosity.

Strange! that the changing sheen of this new thing should not have

created a desire to examine carefully the signs of the times, and the inclination of modern thought. Strange! that the glimpse thus obtained of the vastly expanded range of sound-influence should not have led to a suspicion that the old system of chord construction was founded upon a too narrow basis.

Passing strange! that the ready acceptance of, and the fondness evidently entertained for, changes nothing less than revolutionary should not have opened the eyes of our legislators to the absurdity of continuing the endeavour to enforce laws out of keeping with the age, and condemning the new discovery.

There are many matters connected (not with music, but) with our arbitrary teaching of music that require quick and thorough rearrangement. Unquestionably, the earlier stages of our conventional theoretic schooling need a complete revision, in order to reconcile them with modern insight. And—whatever resistance had previously been opposed to advance—so soon as one pliant dissonance received, even, a sly adoption—it ought to have been felt that the death-blow was given to all autocratic teaching, and that the old doctrines must be re-examined and made to bear the brighter light of the new knowledge, or else ruthlessly swept away.

Very little research—with an honest determination to arrive at the truth, and not to prop up a tottering system—would have sufficed to show that pliant and suggestive harmonies lie thickly strewed about; and that the admission of one must establish the claims of the lot.

Take, as an example, the simplest, mildest, and best (though very imperfectly) known of them all; one frequently used by the old masters, though still kept waiting outside the circle of select and consecrated harmonies, like the Peri at the gate of Paradise. Suppose F added to a triad of G; the dominant chord of the key of C; but a possible, and indeed very useful, combination in many keys. The leading note B would—with a well-established key, and without the addition of the F—have an upward tendency; it would be a fidgety sound, with a positive bias, almost that of an absolute dissonance, seeking resolution. The F materially increases that leading determination, and the two sounds (B and F) have a very powerful influence, one upon the other.

The clearly suggested solution of the difficulty is to follow the B by C; and the F by E or E flat. Hence our "perfect" cadence, and our ordinary mode of evading, or interrupting, that full close.

But the tendencies of the two antagonistic sounds are not compulsory: no musical tendencies are. Either of the notes may, quite agreeably, be held, while the part having the other slides into consonance with it. And the slightest hint of a desire to change the course of either sound suffices entirely to transform the chord, to give it an expansive (instead of a contracting) tendency; to lift it from its stooping, bowed, leaning; to illuminate it with a brighter light, and so entirely to remodel the chord that its altered condition has been the most bewildering of all the many perplexities that have beset theorists, driving them to all kinds of untenable explanations.

The simple minor, or dominant, seventh—without the least alteration of any one of its constituents—by a mere change of idea, a perception of another meaning, of a different capability, becomes an augmented sixth, with such adjuncts as (to mark, I suppose, their surprise and confusion of idea) theorists have dignified by national titles.

This changeling, this cosmopolitan chord, which forswears its nationality on the slightest provocation, so strangely interpolated into the system, is now supposed to need two sponsors for its respectability. Perhaps it is because of its need of this double guarantee, in consequence of its betwixt-two-stools kind of poisoning, that it has a much more tottering kind of effect than its twin-brother, and seems to evince a greater desire to emerge safely from its unsafe position.

We may, profitably, examine the other possible chromatic accompaniments of the sixth, or seventh—whichever we choose to call it.



Each of these chords deserves a national name just as much as the so-called Italian, German, or French versions. But the misapprehension frequently caused by the names already bestowed leads me to think that the new editions had better remain unappropriated; even if with some lack of the dignity with which they might, otherwise, be invested.



The resolutions of this double-rooted, or rather double-faced, compound should be carefully examined. I find them, in elasticity and accommodating character, exactly like those of the "diminished seventh" chord.

In the following example at *a* the upper sound of the augmented 11th rises a semitone to become the root, third, fifth, minor seventh, ninth, eleventh, thirteenth, or major seventh of the resolving chord. At *b* the sound is sustained, to form, in the succeeding chord, one of those degrees. Of course, the same principle may be followed, of holding, or slightly moving, any one of the lower parts, in order to form the root, third, fifth, or any dissonant ingredient of the resolving chord. But, as many of the chords resulting from such treatment would be reproductions of some of the following, the examples given suffice to show the principle involved, and to give an idea of the extreme pliancy of the combination.

Example (a) shows a sequence of chords in G major. The first chord is a double-rooted compound chord with notes G, B, D, F, A, C. The upper sound (C) rises a semitone to become the root of the next chord (C major). The subsequent chords are: C major (root, third, fifth, minor seventh, ninth, eleventh, thirteenth, or major seventh), F major (root, third, fifth, minor seventh, ninth, eleventh, thirteenth, or major seventh), C major (root, third, fifth, minor seventh, ninth, eleventh, thirteenth, or major seventh), and F major (root, third, fifth, minor seventh, ninth, eleventh, thirteenth, or major seventh). The labels above the notes are: 8th, 3rd, 5th, minor 7th, major 9th, perfect 11th, major 13th, and major 7th.

Example (b) shows a similar sequence of chords in G major. The first chord is a double-rooted compound chord with notes G, B, D, F, A, C. The upper sound (C) is sustained to form the root of the next chord (C major). The subsequent chords are: C major (root, third, fifth, minor seventh, ninth, eleventh, thirteenth, or major seventh), F major (root, third, fifth, minor seventh, ninth, eleventh, thirteenth, or major seventh), C major (root, third, fifth, minor seventh, ninth, eleventh, thirteenth, or major seventh), and F major (root, third, fifth, minor seventh, ninth, eleventh, thirteenth, or major seventh). The labels above the notes are: 8th, 3rd, 5th, minor 7th, major 9th, perfect 11th, major 13th, and major 7th.

Thus, this simplest of dissonances (almost as commonly used as the "common chord" itself) has, equally with the combination of minor thirds—which has been considered so extraordinary—three different rules of resolutions. And it is difficult to devise which is the most natural so long as the mind is not, by the preceding harmonies, biassed in favour of some particular course. For it will be noticed that the change from F to E# or from E# to F in the preceding examples, is entirely an imaginary one. Not the slightest material influence is given to the chord in order to push it in any new direction; and yet, the mere change of the *look* of the written chord conveys to the mind of a musician an imperative, compulsory, irresistible influence; altering the whole relation and tendency of the harmony: and the slightest inclination up or down of one of the fidgety sounds of the chord starts the imagination of the



listener off in a new direction. It is wonderful how easily the transformation of the whole scene may be effected, especially when we considered how sweeping the danger is: for—as I have shown in the “Grammar of Music”—the roots, or bases upon which the two chords stand, are diametrically opposed, one to the other. The mind regards them as thoroughly antagonistic; and, so soon as it realises the learning of the combination in a new direction, receives it as an imperative command—“Right about!”—as the irresistible initiation of a new state of things.

Now, if the essential difference between old and modern music consists in the utilisation of dissonances to render the harmony smooth and connected (1) by linking chords together, or (2) by creating such decided inclinations as lead to full, and almost impatient, expectation of certain relevant combinations, with what faintest semblance of common sense could the training of young musicians be continued entirely according to the old system; which, originally, utterly ignored dissonances; and, later, smuggled them in under fanciful restrictions, that were, of necessity, continually disregarded?

The consequence of such tutelage must be that a student, at the most critical period of his career, must be left to solve, unaided, most of the greatest actual difficulties of harmony and part-writing. His supposed training has been in a language worn out, in a mode of speech that never was natural and unstrained, but ever stilted and artificial.

The absurdity exactly resembles that of excluding a young man from all intercourse with the world, shutting him up from all social intercourse, and absorbing his whole time in pondering over some antiquarian lore; and then, suddenly, setting him free to mix unreservedly with society, not only without any knowledge of topics of daily interest, but with a priggish contempt of his surroundings,—the natural result of the ideas so zealously inculcated.

One of two dangers must ensue. Either he holds fast to his supposed principles, and finds himself altogether outside the circle of busy people, and of no use in this rapidly moving world; or, tempted to throw overboard all his laboriously acquired odds and ends of useless learning, he plunges into the tumultuous current of eager, modern rush after anything new and startling.

For, not only must the old system fail to lead students far enough to qualify them to travel on safely without guidance, but it starts them badly, leaving them with a distrust of the paths which they *must* tread, and of the plans by which they *must* work.

And, to all the other perplexities of the young disciple, must be added the crowning trouble that, after a lengthened novitiate of chord-exercise he is conducted, with much solemnity, into an inner circle of mysterious sanctity and obscurity, supposed to have been consecrated for all time by the hallowed labour of great departed spirits. There he is, for a considerable time, strictly guarded from the contamination of all chords that do not boast a genealogy recorded for three or four centuries, and from any combination of sounds not endowed with the most venerable and musty flavour.

Among the poetic fancies belonging to the privileged state of beatification into which the young neophyte is tremblingly introduced is the idea that a dominant seventh chord is a wicked and lascivious combination in its natural form, and in its first inversion; but that in its second inversion it is more virtuous than the dreaded second inversion of a consonant triad. He may use a triad, arranged

	D		G
thus	B	or thus,	D
	G		B
but not thus	B		
	G		
	D.		

He may not desecrate either of the allowable forms by adding F, or by turning out one of the consonant sounds and interpolating F in place of it: but he may thrust the G out of the third form of its own triad and insert F. Nay! the F may be doubled: although, really, it is a seventh from the real base, and forms with the B a strong dissonance. But the B, which is simply the leading-note, may not be doubled.

Immense variety of effect is, of course, obtainable from such a wealth of harmonic contrivance! But, for months (if not years), the unhappy lad is kept pegging away at his six (or, possibly, only five) triads, their first inversions, and the mutilated version of a dominant chord, without a word of explanation why his fetters are thus tightened. His rhythmic ideas, also, are confused by the pulsation of the themes given to him as the groundwork of his labours being noted in semibreves: whereas he is well aware that, in modern music, even crotchet-pulses are being forsaken in favour of notes which may (like quavers) be conveniently grouped together.

In a minor mode the student is still more restricted; and is warned off this chord, and cautioned against the other; refused the use of this harmony, and forbidden that progression; until his imaginative faculties

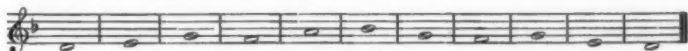
are so cooled down and chastened that he can humbly reverence the little epigrammatic effusions in which the adorable FUCHS embodied the results of his sublime genius and his stupendous erudition.

Of all the gigantic impostures that ever were palmed off upon a long-suffering people this infliction of so-called "counterpoint" is the most contemptible. If by argument, or reproach, or ridicule it may be exposed and exploded, the service rendered to musical students would deserve eternal gratitude.

In every other branch of learning earnest attempts have been made to clear the path, and simplify the labour of students. In the teachings of music, alone, do we cling to a method that has no claim except that of superannuated age.

Let us look into the matter a little.

Five patterns of partwriting are dignified as "species of counterpoint"; as the available modes of combining *melodies*. The following is a registered pattern (all rights being strictly reserved) of an orthodox *melody* of rather liberal dimensions:—



In the first pattern all the strata of the harmony are supposed to move with equal rapidity, no singer being suffered to take a mean advantage and to appropriate more than a proper allowance of notes, or expected to lapse into the frivolity of a more rapid movement. As a matter of fact—although each part is noted in semibreves (and, so, some uniformity of appearance is contrived) the voices do not—and without, not only useless but absolutely hurtful, trouble *could* not—move at the same time.

In the second and third species simple passing notes are introduced: and the fourth pattern consists of a string of suspensions. Not a word is afforded as to the different agrees of pungency of the various combinations that may be formed. A properly-trained student of harmony learns more about discords in six hours than he could in six years by pondering the old contrapuntal dogmas. When he has learnt the laws of dissonances properly contrapuntal rules are useless to him; and until then his ideas of pattern-writing remain in a lamentable state of confusion.

It is quite right he should exercise his ingenuity in constructing parts according to set forms. By so doing he must acquire readiness of resource, and quickness of perception of the way out of harmonic difficulties.

But dissonances form the essential constituents of rapidly-moving parts, as well as the life of all music. Every dissonance has its own degree of pungency. A ninth and an eleventh are very unlike: each has its own conditions. And to attempt to construct an agreeable flowing part without a distinct recognition of those conditions is as absurd as it would be to try to write a readable essay before the laws of grammar had been mastered; or to paint a picture while ignorant of the contrasting or blending capabilities of different colours.

The fifth species is not a pattern, but rather a careful avoidance of any set form. The conditions are too easy to render its practice efficacious as a training power. Nevertheless, as music is, generally, constructed with like freedom, the fifth order represents more clearly than any other species the partwriting of actual composition.

I turn to the *logical* schooling of a student of harmony.

He is made to understand the beauty of consonance, and its far-extending influence. He is shown that, even, the apparently simple diatonic scale teaches the whole *principle* of dissonance and its opposite. The combinations found in that scale are subjects of a careful study, that weighs each, and ascertains its value in the family of sounds which we call a "key," or to which one sound (the tonic) affords the key, or clue. The dissonances of an enlarged, more minutely divided, scale are analysed, their tendencies are ascertained, and their pliancy tested. Nine powerful verbs are, thus, added to the sound-language; each eagerly resolved to *do* something; impatient for action; forming the animating force of musical speech; full of meaning and of expression.

These nine dissonances and the consonant triad form the whole available (and, really, a sufficiently complete) chromatic system of the sound upon which they are based; and may be mixed up, blended, or contrasted in all kinds of ways. Their possible varieties resemble the almost endless changes that may be rung upon twelve bells.

They form a subject of study which a lifetime is too short to fathom. The colour-diapason is nothing to it. No earthly language approaches the musical in minuteness of expression, in wealth of resource, in flexibility or in power. Many of its changes have never yet been rung.

A new master in music arises; vents his feelings in harmonies natural to him, but unheard, or unfamiliarised, before his advent; and, so adds to the vocabulary fresh words. In after years a chord or progression, or some harmonic device, reminds us of its sponsor; and, marking an era in history, attaches us to the memory of the leader.

Still, as time rolls on, the dictionary becomes enlarged, fresh forms of speech are discovered, new expressive idioms are adopted, and the language grows richer, more varied and comprehensive.

Especially bold and happy was the discovery of the vast expansion of key influence. Till very recently an idea prevailed (that still fetters those theorists who delight to cling hysterically to the creed of their fathers) that each dissonant, babbling, little ripple throws the music out of its true current, that every sharpened or flattened sound changes the key. Such an idea was in keeping with the quiet, expressionless course of old diatonic harmony, with its constant jerking of unrelated triads, its Palestrina *purity*! What relief it must have been to have a combination a little more exciting, more suggestive, than the stereotyped mutilation of a dominant seventh chord, concerning which, in its youth, there had been such fierce fighting! How nice to find out that each little excitement of the sound-world was not, really, a wicked infraction of the laws of order and sobriety; not a surreptitious enjoyment of forbidden fruit.

All this is included in a true study of harmony.

What does knowledge of "counterpoint"—with its paltry list of triads, its fragment of a dominant chord, with the dominant itself discarded—add to this really scientific training?

Let it not be imagined that our contrapuntal maxims are derived from the great masters. In pondering over the history of real artists no one could fail to notice how continually the lads, who in their after manhood really advanced the knowledge of the resources and powers of music, either studied in secret, against the will of their guardians—and, so, studied in their own way; and, fortunately, for themselves and for the world, escaped the dwarfing influence of the old pedagogues of their time—or, like Handel and Bach, worked out their own fascinating problems in their cold garrets, when the orthodox restrictions of the day were over.

From such men—ever striving to absolve themselves from petty trivialities and vexatious restrictions—comes our real knowledge. To them are we indebted for the foundation of that freedom which is still growing, and for the perfection of which we yet have to fight boldly.

The tenacity with which our elder theoretical musicians cling to old dogmas is, perhaps, almost equalled by the devotion of certain scholars to (what is supposed to be peculiarly) classical lore.

But such continued and resolute looking back to a dead world is a

terrible hindrance to those so young and inexperienced as to be over-awed by high-talking pretension.

Every musician should shake himself free from old-world dust ; and, resolutely, do what little he may to carry on the progress for which, ever and anon, some resolute heart has striven ; recognising that the true essence of a real conservatism lies, not in the obstruction, but in the carrying on, and forwarding, of the work which has been proved to be good and useful.

In such work everyone has his share of duty and responsibility. A real and sufficient reform in the teaching of the principles of music hardly could be effected by one man, however bold and determined he may be. The clinging of many hands cannot be loosened by one ; nor will the tenacity of prejudice be easily overcome. Indeed, there are many reasons why such a reform must, in order to be adequate, embody the wisdom of many and varied experiences.

And, among all the hopeful signs of the times, the healthiest is the greater sympathy springing up among musicians, and the drawing together in amity of the busy and earnest teachers scattered throughout the country. That any obstruction could long resist their united efforts may not be believed.

And there is nothing concerning which musical men, generally, are so agreed as they are respecting the unsatisfactory manner in which the Science of Music is now, and long has been, taught.

We are fast tending toward a happier state of things ; and, with prudence and zeal, with determination and patience on the part of those willing to labour and to wait, there is great hope that, ere long, the path of young students may be rid of many of the obstacles that retarded the progress, and damped the ardour, of their predecessors ; and that the grammar of music may be unfolded according to some simple, consistent, and acceptable plan.

HENRY HILES.

## A STRANGER'S VISIT.

### III.

A WEEK had passed since Hunyady had given his recital in Coalburn, and entered so unexpectedly into the household of the Brandons. His recovery from the effects of his accident had been satisfactory so far; he was up, though he had not appeared below-stairs. On this afternoon he sat in an easy chair by the fire of the large and comfortably-furnished bedroom in which he had been installed. Everything about him bespoke care and attention. The hearth had lately been brushed and the fire made up; by his elbow stood a little table, on which books and a handbell were placed; and beyond, in the little room adjoining, was a writing-table ready for use, ornamented by a prettily-arranged nosegay of spring flowers, that gave forth a sweet odour. The artist himself shared in the well-cared-for look of the place, though the details of his neat toilet could easily escape remark in face of so strong a personality as his. He carried his right arm, which was bound and rigid, in a black sling. He seemed restless, and lines of nervous impatience ruffled his brow. He laid down the book he had held in his left hand, started up, and walked to the window, only, it appeared, that he might walk back again and sink in his seat with a sigh. This time he clasped his crossed leg with his able hand, and, from the attitude of his head, seemed to listen, as if he were expecting some sound he did not hear.

A few days before this the monotony of his convalescence had been broken by a little incident that had interested him. As he had sat in his room as now, with the door ajar, he had heard a very sweet voice break into subdued song close at hand. It was a melody of Schubert's that was begun, but before the phrase was finished it was hushed suddenly in its light career, and he could just distinguish a retreating step upon the stairs. Shortly after the housemaid who waited upon him came in, and he at once said, in the fluent English he was possessed of, with the foreign accent that so much altered its effect—

"Who sang outside the door just now?"

"Sang, sir!" repeated Jane, who was a smart and proper young woman, and whose tone implied that so great an indiscretion on anyone's part was beyond her comprehension.

"Yes," he affirmed, "there is someone in this house who can sing—a lady. Who is she?"



"Oh, Miss Margery can sing, sir, but she 'asn't sung this long while now."

"And who, then, is Me—es Marjörle?" He followed her phrase as closely as he could, but the result caused even the well-behaved Jane to smile.

"She's master's daughter, sir."

"And why does she no longer sing?"

"There 'asn't to be no music in the 'ouse while you're 'ere, sir, so master said."

"Ach! so!" In interjection he relapsed from English. After a pause, in which Jane arranged a meal on the table by him, he went on, "Jane, you will go to Miss —, to the daughter of the house, and ask her if she will be so good as to sing sometimes, and to leave open the door of her room, that I may hear her."

The housemaid carried away this message with an interested air, and was surprised at the look of consternation with which it was received. But, as a consequence, on peaceful afternoons, when dulness prevailed in the household, or on evenings when it had settled into quiet after the entry of the boys, and mealtime was over, Hunyady heard the voice again, low and hesitating at first, and then expanding into greater freedom and range of tone. The songs that were sung were generally German, but sometimes they were melodies, sweet, and quaint, and sad, that he did not know. The communication thus established between him and the singer took a definite form. While it lasted it turned their thoughts into the same channel; it was heralded by expectation, and when it was over it gave food for reflection. Hunyady was willing to admit that this English singer was no operatic prima-donna, possessing a throat faculty that equalled an expert's hand on an instrument, but he felt the charm of her fresh, exuberant voice, of her natural feeling for expression, and the instinctive taste that caused what cultivation she possessed to seem sufficient. It contented and solaced him; then it roused in him a feeling of desire, and by-and-by it struck him that this form of intercourse was a very limited one. It is tantalising to have a singer sing to you who is unknown and unseen. There is so much that might be said, suggestions about the song, or the manner of singing, that can hardly be made by message; thanks even lose their grace in carriage, and Hunyady felt he had a great deal to say on these matters, especially now when he was suffering at this stage of recovery from want of diversion, and a desire for interesting and congenial talk began to consume him. Upon his host and hostess he expended his stock of con-

ventional phrases, which seemed to suffice; and his only other visitor was Willie, who, having been sent to him on a casual errand, had been encouraged to return, and was now very much at home in his room, and did for him all manner of useful little things where a right hand was needed. But from none of these did he learn any particulars of the owner of the voice.

This afternoon the sounds did not come as he had expected, and presently Mr. Brandon walked in. He came to ask his guest how he did before leaving the house.

"You are always busy," Hunyady said, after replying to his polite inquiries. "What is it you do, Mr. Brandon? You are my brother in art, I know, though not my compatriot."

"I give lessons on the piano-forte."

"And do you not play in public, or give recitals?"

"No, oh no!" his host answered with some stiffness.

"No!" echoed the pianist with a certain intonation that just escaped pity. "Then you are saved from the accidents and the disappointments of a wandering life," he generously added. "You can enjoy the family life that is the pride of the Englishman. And perhaps it is that the people here do not desire music." He thought of the empty hall in Coalburn to which he had performed. "They wish instead to hear their own daughters play."

"Well, I don't know about that," the elder man answered to this neat little theory, "but it is best professionally to depend upon teaching."

"And I can understand it, yes. It is a sentiment that is part of your home life. You yourself can enjoy it."

Mr. Brandon looked at him, apparently a little puzzled.

"You have a daughter, have you not?"

"Oh, Margery! To be sure; but she is quite a girl, and cannot do much in the way of music, though I hear you have been kind enough to encourage her to sing. You have been dull, I am afraid; but you will be getting about more soon. My eldest son, Ernest" (a parental smile broke over his face), "keeps us all alive; he is quite the life of the house. He hasn't been to see you, has he? I must send him. A bright young fellow, and belongs to the first team of the Coalburn Football Club."

This called no response from the pianist, but an indifferent "Ach, so!" and Mr. Brandon prepared to take his departure. "I hear you

are to drive out to-day, by the doctor's permission. Well, I wish I could go with you, but I shall hear to-night how you have got on."

The drive did not come off, however. Jane came presently to say that the hired carriage was waiting, and as Mrs. Brandon happened to be out, she prepared to see the guest off, and accompanied him outside with wraps. The noise of their passage downstairs apprised the household of the departure. But once outside Hunyady looked up at the cloudy sky, and shivered.

"I shall not go," he said. "It is too cold. Say to the man that he may come to-morrow."

When Jane followed him into the house, she found him standing in the hall, checked apparently by the sound of music that was coming from the morning-room. He gave her his overcoat, and bade her take it upstairs; then, quietly pushing open the door whence the sounds proceeded, he walked forward. The room before him was small and cheerful; chairs in light oak and green leather, and well-made cupboards and music-shelves furnished it; and a cottage piano stood facing the door. From its position the performer's back naturally was turned toward him; and he could see her without being seen. With a quiet tread he took his stand on the hearthrug, and observed without disturbing her. She was a young girl of slim and dainty figure, and her abundant dark hair was massed in smooth coils behind. That was about all he could see; but her touch on the keys was delicate, her voice was sweet, and the song was his own. Yes, that was so, much as it astonished him; she was reading from an apparently new sheet, and with the absorption of first sight. The words of the song were Heine's: a vision of springtide in a few lines, in which the poet relates that as he gathers the first violets in the woods all the thoughts of his heart, even his most cherished secrets, are told to the whole world by the nightingale's song:—

"Die blauen Frühlingsaugen,  
Schau'n ans dem Gras hervor;  
Das sind die lieben veilchen,  
Die ich zum Strauss erkor.  
Ich pflücke sie und denke,  
Und die Gedanken all,  
Die mir im Herzen seufzen,  
Singt laut die Nachtigall.  
Ja, was ich denke, singt sie  
Laut schmetternd, dass es schallt,  
Mein zärtliches Geheimnis,  
Weiss schon der ganze Wald."

The singer's tone at first was tentative and guarded in expression, but as she went on her liking for the melody seemed to grow with her

knowledge of it; and presently her voice rose with the swing and ardour of a soaring lark, as she followed the repetitions of the phrase,

"Mein zärtlicher Geheimnis,  
Weiss schon der ganze Wald,"

till at last "der ganze Wald" fell with a soft sigh, as if the love and sweetness and springtide of the whole world were breathed forth into the song. Hunyady had heard it sung by a beautiful woman of experience in life and vocal art, but the effect had been different from this. This girl might not have beauty, but she had something else: was it spirit, sympathy, or was it that she might be herself the essence of what she interpreted?

Thoughts are possibly communicable. Anyway there seemed no disturbing sound in the quiet atmosphere of the room when the song was ended; yet, as the girl raised her hands to turn back the leaf and look over the song again, she seemed arrested by suspicion. She hesitated, and turned slowly round on the revolving stool, and faced the listener.

For one moment he was too much absorbed in satisfying his curiosity to speak, and she gazed at him with large and startled eyes, and the red of confusion creeping over her face.

"I have seen you before," he then said with animation.

She rose and came towards him, holding out her hand in shy forgetfulness. He took it in his left, and held it as he bowed, but he kept his eyes fixed upon her.

"Will you not say to me where it was?"

She answered him indirectly. "I saw you on Friday evening last week at your recital."

"But you are ——"

"I am Margery Brandon."

"It is you who have sung to me in my imprisonment."

The red came into her cheeks again. "I thought you were out just now," she said. "Did you not go for a drive?"

"I went, but I came back, fortunately for me. May I not stay here?"

"Oh, yes; this is papa's little music-room. He will be very glad to see you downstairs. I hope you are better."

"I do not know if I am better or not," he answered, with a shake backwards of his leonine head, "but I am very tired of solitude and inaction."

"I am sure you must be. Will you take this easy chair, and I will bring for you anything you may want, or leave it within your reach."

In hospitable zeal she took up the poker and stirred the fire, which the chilliness of the day rendered acceptable. But Hunyady made no response to these overtures for his comfort; he stood beside her with his thin, tall frame—that seemed only a pedestal to a massively-carved head—drawn erect; his one sound arm dropped listlessly by his side.

"But, mein Fräulein," he gently remonstrated, "all this is what your kind mother and Jane have been doing for me upstairs. I want a change; conversation, music, companionship. You speak German, yes?"

"Oh, no,"

"But you sing it; you sing my songs."

"That one is the first I have tried."

"Have you no others?"

"No; it was all I could find in the catalogue of the London publishers. I was sure," with a pretty glance upwards, "that your songs, if you had composed any, would be beautiful, so I looked out for them."

"I will send for all I have written, if you like."

"Oh, don't trouble."

"Meanwhile, will you sing me that again?"

"I couldn't. I should be too—frightened."

He laughed, and walked to the piano, and seated himself on the stool. He touched the keys with his left hand, and there came from them the melody on the page before him. First the notes came singly in simple sweetness, a manifest imitation of her voice and its expressive tones. Then he added, with his far-reaching grasp, low notes that served as bass without disturbing the *cantabile* flow of the air; then a syncopated accompaniment; then in rapid arpeggio he sprinkled full and massive chords, till the sound rushed forth, fiery, vehement, impassioned, a mighty setting to the little gem of song.

He had by this time forgotten his surroundings and the young girl, who stood behind holding her very breath in astonishment and awe. The touch of the ivories seemed to him as water to the thirsty traveller. His improvisation went on and on, a natural flow of mind-speech in music along the channels of power when the dam that has held it back has been removed; till finally, in seeming disgust at the impossibility of gaining some intended effect, he abruptly threw in a few concluding chords and stopped.

"Ach, Gott!" he cried in German, "but how miserable it is to be lame and incapable."

Margery understood him. "How can you say that?" she asked, with gentle ardour, for his music had drawn her out of her shell of diffidence; "you, for whose left hand we would some of us give our two."

He turned his head slightly, and she could see the scintillating look of his eyes, as of a mind on fire. He spoke in English now, with a more considered accent, and with a slight smile.

"You would wish me to think that I—lame and ill, an exile in a foreign land—am not a creature to be pitied and compassionated?"

"Certainly you are not that. Perhaps it is dreary to have to wait here in a strange country and amongst strange people, and disappointing to be checked in a career that is to bring you fame and honour——"

"And money."

"And money. But it is only for a little while. What is it, after all, to have your arm useless for a month, when all your faculties are whole within you? or to be forced to inactivity for a few weeks, when life is before you, a course on which you are certain to conquer? With such gifts as yours there is no room for complaint; you should be happy and thankful every hour of your life. You could use piously that prayer of the Pharisee 'Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are.' I have often thought," she went on in a lower and more hurried tone, "when my poor efforts and yearnings have fallen about me in failure,—more like the child's kite that is carried up with a puff of air, and then drops, than the strong-winged bird that soars to higher regions of thought and emotion—that the mortal who possesses genius, who has the wings to fly, should be content with all else. He should be happy; he is like a god, knowing power and exercising it. It is compensation for all else: even for the bitterness, the sadness, the poverty of life."

She ended in a low and vibrating voice, which, like his playing, seemed to proceed from a feeling too acute for consciousness. While she spoke he had turned further, and his eyes were fixed upon her as if he were receiving a fresh and unexpected impression.

"Doch, mein Fräulein," he answered her, "though you honour me, you expect much from me."

But Margery was coming down from her heights, and it was with a brighter and less distant look she replied, "Not more than you are capable of. And you are not shut off from the exercise of your best gift, you know. You can compose. I daresay ideas come to you, even in this dreary land of exile."

"Nothing comes to me," he asserted with decision, "in such weariness of mind as I have felt: yet, it may be—but certainly not in loneliness upstairs."

"Oh, no, you are a prisoner on parole now. There is the garden; that is a nice, quiet place, where you can roam about undisturbed; and in this room you can be quiet."

"So! But do you not know, Fräulein Brandon, that there are several conditions necessary for composition?"

"Yes?" she answered tentatively.

"Can you supply me with these?"

"I will see that this room is kept free for you, and get for you music-paper and quills. It is easier to write notes with quills, I think."

He laughed. "But that is the last, and a purely mechanical, process in composition. And will you help me no further than that? See, I will mention to you one other want only. When some outward influence, kind and favourable, has fostered inspiration, and my thoughts have taken form, I shall find myself without a hand to write the notes on paper."

"Ah! yes, that is a pity. I had not thought of that."

"I could not borrow one, do you think?"

She blushed with a doubting look, and shook her head slightly. "I wish I could offer you mine; but it would be no use. I should be too stupid, and I am not accustomed to notes. But Willie might do; he is quick, and has written exercises in harmony."

A broad smile broke over his face. "Willie—" he paused, and then, with the careful foreign intonation that made the whole sentence laughable, he concluded, "is a very nice little boy."

There seemed nothing to reply to this, and it was almost a relief to Margery that her mother entered at that moment and put an end to the dialogue.

#### IV.

ON the evening of the day following Hunyady's appearance below stairs, Edgar Brandon rang at the bell of his uncle's door. His visit had, as usual, a specific object; so when the maid servant appeared in answer to his summons, he inquired from her the whereabouts of the several members of the family, and directed his course according to her answer. He passed through the lobby to the walled garden behind the house, and found Margery there with some of her younger brothers, with whom she was playing a rather aimless game of croquet. She left the lawn when she saw him, and came towards him with a friendly greeting.



"Will you stay out here with us?" she asked, "or would you rather go into the house?"

"Well—," he hesitated; then smiled, "to tell you the truth, I want to do neither. I have brought my violin, Margery, in the hope you would make some music with me."

"Oh, very well, then; let us go into the music-room, where we shall be undisturbed. Where is your violin—in the hall? If you will get it I will open the garden door."

There were two entrances to the old billiard-room, or so-called music-room—one leading by a short covered way from the house-passage, the other opening from the farther end right on to the garden. Margery preferred this way, as it entailed the unlocking of only one door; so, having obtained the key, she entered with her cousin. As they went in from the bright evening light the place seemed gloomy and cold; its uninhabited air made it dull and dreary. It was furnished by a grand piano, and a few chairs and music-stands; and half-a-dozen framed portraits of musicians hung on the walls.

When the lid of the piano was opened, and Edgar had drawn forth his fiddle from its case, and was getting it in tune, Margery asked him as she sat waiting on her stool,

"Have you thought any more of that idea of yours, Edgar, since you were here?"

"What, of being a musician? I have thought of very little else."

"And how do you mean to begin? What shall you do?"

"Ah! that's the rub!" he answered, holding on to his E string with unnecessary and irritating insistence. "I have turned a good many things over in my mind, and I think maybe the most likely opening into the musical profession will be as a piano-tuner."

"Oh, nonsense, Edgar! You are ridiculous."

"Aha, Miss Madge! You have a bit of the family pride in you, after all. Why should I not tune pianos, now, if I can get decently paid for it, and time to work at other things? Lots of more gentlemanly fellows than I do it. And I can keep away from here, you know."

Margery saw that his humour was perverse. "You are not serious," she remarked, with youthful strictness.

"Am I not? Is it a crime other than a social one to tune pianos?"

"It would be very unfit work for you."

"I am above it, of course."

"Yes." She paused and thought a minute. "If a man has true ambition he will never stoop to employment that is not on the road to

achievement. You would gain nothing artistically by tuning pianos, and the world would not gain anything from you in the doing of it except a piece of mechanical work that an inferior man would perform as well."

"But there are so many inferior posts, Margery—more than there are inferior men to fill them."

"Well, that may be so, and I am sorry. But you must never take a post that is not progressive, from which there is no outlet. There were the great masters in painting, now; they used to serve an apprenticeship in old days, and grind colours, and boil varnish, and wash brushes, like a chemist's shopboy would do now-a-days; but then they were in the studio of their master, learning all the technical processes of the art, while they were gradually initiated into its higher mysteries. If they had been shut up into a laboratory to make their mixtures they might have died chemists, but never artists. And a man who tunes pianos will never become a musician, except by an effort from within that will cast him loose from his occupation before he is a fixture in it. There is no connection between the two. For my part, I would rather be a bank clerk."

"This is final. I have only to come to you to supply me with a reason against doing what I do not wish to do. What are your ideas on teaching, now, Madge, for the would-be musician?"

But she saw his move. "I am afraid my opinion would be of little value to you, Edgar," she discreetly replied. "Are you, then, thinking of going in for teaching?"

"No, I'm not," he answered, decisively.

"Aha," she laughed, "and who has the family pride now?"

"Well, it is of another sort from Willie's, any way. We don't seem to be able to settle on any occupation worthy of my high calling. I must e'en drudge on a little longer as bank clerk, I suppose, until I am waited upon by some influential deputation that begs my acceptance of a musical post that shall be both honourable and lucrative. Meanwhile, what shall we play?"

"I don't care. Would you like Schubert's G minor Sonata with the lovely *andante*?"

"Or his *Fantaisie in C*?"

"Oh, I don't know that we could manage that."

"We will try it, at all events. 'Faint heart' you know, applies as well to music as to love. And the *andantino* would just suit you."

So the music began, and entirely absorbed the two performers until the piece was ended. They felt then a pleasant exhilaration of mood, and wanted more.

"Margery, look here," Edgar observed with some reluctance. "Would you mind trying this over with me?"

"What is it?" she asked as she took from him a sheet of MS. music that he had reached from his case. "Is it your own?"

"No. At least it is a theme that I have worked up into a slow movement for piano and violin. But I think the theme is my father's."

She was at once interested, and tried over a few bars of the melody. "It seems very beautiful," she said. "But why do you say you *think* it is your father's?"

"Just because it is so good, that I fancy it must have been composed before his time. But I found it in a note-book of his, in which he jotted down all sorts of scraps."

"But don't you know if it is in his style, or if he was in the habit of composing isolated fragments of melody?"

"He certainly had a natural fund of melody, but I have found nothing else as good as this."

"Have you the little book here?"

He had it, and produced it. It was a very small pocket note book, its edges worn with friction, and its clasp broken. The pages were crowded with almost illegible signs, only intended to assist the memory of the writer; and now they had become faint and blurred. It was only here and there that a few bars of legible notes looked forth from the prevailing mystery. But Margery had a quick and discerning eye; and when she had heedfully turned over the leaves for awhile she exclaimed, "Ah! look here! Here is the idea worked in another form: it must be his! He has tried it in  $\frac{2}{4}$  time; it is not so good, I fancy, or so suitable a rhythm, but it is certainly the same. Perhaps this was his earliest attempt."

"How odd that is!" Edgar remarked, bending with her over the page. "I have worked it back into  $\frac{2}{4}$  time in one of the variations of my setting, as you will see when you try it. It is a case of inherited memory. But what eyes you have, Margery! I had not discovered that little bit I wish you would look over this note-book, and tell me what you find in it."

"Oh, yes, I should like it. I feel proud that I am the niece of this unknown composer. But have you no music of his that is finished and written out?"

"No; I remember he burnt a great deal of manuscript music before he died. And I think he seldom worked out his ideas, whether from want of power or patience, or simply from lack of encouragement, I don't know. It is dreary work writing, when the drawer or the cupboard is to be the grave of effort and exaltation. I am inclined to think now that my father's nature was too gentle for success. He never put himself forward, never even mentioned himself, and that is a task you must see to in this world, or it doesn't get done. He used to have two or three of the best men of the theatre band in to our bare little room to play with him sometimes. I remember them very well, and how their pale and jaded faces brightened over this Sunday amusement. But he never introduced any music of his own, as he well might have done. I think they didn't even know he composed, though they seemed to look up to him as being rather special in his style of play. I used to creep in at those times from my mother's sick room, and listen to them enthralled; and when they were gone, I would try to play like them on his fiddle. He would never get me a little fiddle for myself, though I cried for one. 'No, no, my son,' he would say, in a tone as if partly in jest. 'Thy father's path has led down hill, and thou shalt not follow in it!'"

"If he could but know," exclaimed Margery, to whose eyes tears had sprung at this baldly-outlined little narrative, "that we look now in his note-book for lost treasure. If he could know, too, what you will do for his art, and his name, and his country, in the future!"

"Now, Margery," her cousin said, in a rallying tone, "isn't this a little premature? And I think, for my part, he would be satisfied if he saw me now, to-night—he, who never had a congenial friend to talk to, or never knew a sympathetic mind that would respond to his own."

For a moment he turned his head away; then with an altered voice he said, "Will you try it over with me?"

They quietly began to read the written sheets; and whether the spirit of the dead man looked down upon them or not, the memory of him filled their young hearts with a chastened glow of pity and reverence, as with their instruments they gave forth his melody and thought of his broken life.

Margery was just saying at the conclusion, "You must get this published: it will be a creditable Opus I."—when the open doorway to the garden was darkened by a figure, and they looked up to see Hunyadi.

To Edgar this interruption was hardly welcome. Still, the pianist possessed in his eyes some of the elements of greatness, and he looked

upon him with the admiration of a younger man for one who has already achieved much in the line of his own aspirations. He stood awaiting notice with a self-contained air, and fixed on the foreigner a look of interested scrutiny.

But Margery moved forward with something like a glad light in her eyes. Admiration might be present in them, too, but it was tempered by a manifest personal sympathy. Her mental attitude was not that of a watcher and waiter who slowly forms the mould of a man's character from the impress of his action and speech; her impression was already formed; the caste was taken, and he had but to lend himself to its shape.

Hunyady advanced from the door, and bowed to her with a graceful deference. "Fräulein Brandon," he said with a smile, "I have been looking into the little room. The music-sheets truly were there, and the quills, but—nothing else! So I followed the sounds I heard far away. You make music?"

"Yes, with my cousin, Mr. Edgar Brandon." She turned to Edgar as she made this slight introduction, and then continued, "Did you hear what we played?"

"Only the end of it."

"Then I would like to ask you if you know this air?" And she seated herself at the piano again, and gave the notes of the melody simply.

"No, I do not know it," he replied at once, "though there is one that it reminds me of, in an early opera of Meyerbeer's, I think. See, let me show you." He took the stool that Margery vacated, and played with his left hand a fragmentary melody in powerful tones.

"Yes, that is different, is it not, Edgar?"

"Then whose is this?" the pianist inquired, reproducing accurately the notes she had played.

"It is an air of his father's that my cousin has set," and she handed him the pianoforte part of the composition with some pride.

He glanced cursorily over it. "It seems promising. Are you, then, a musician?" he asked, looking straight at Edgar for the first time.

The youth's face flushed. "No," he answered, "but I hope one day to be."

"Gut! Then you will not stay always here. You will travel, and feel the warm life of the south, where music seems part of the sunshine. Music cannot exist in darkness and smoke."

Margery laughed tolerantly, but the lines of Edgar's face set in unmistakable opposition. He answered nothing, however, and Hunyady turned from him as if the subject were concluded.

"See, mein Fräulein," he said, with a certain soft emphasis, "I want music. I am sick for it. I cannot play; then you will sing for me—yes?"

"If you like—though, remember, I am afraid," she answered, with a look of genuine modesty.

"Shall I bring your songs for you, Margery?" her cousin inquired.

"Please. Get Schubert's, vol. I."

As Edgar left the room Margery, standing a little behind the piano-forte, reverted to the subject they had left.

"You have not a very good opinion of England, I am afraid," she said gently. "And perhaps while you are amongst us as a foreigner it is not in good taste to point out to you its merits. Well, if ever I meet you on what will be to me a foreign soil I will tell you of a few."

He laughed a low, full-throated laugh that was pleasant to hear. "Tell me now," he said, "I can bear to hear them."

"See!" She pointed to the garden doorway, in which a picture, made up of a bit of garden space, was framed. Through it they saw a tall, old pear-tree, on which the countless white blossoms shone in the evening sunshine amidst the fresh and trembling grass, just now set in motion by a soft breeze. Somewhere near its summit a thrush, hidden by the bursting foliage, sang loud and clear. They both moved to the doorway as if by common impulse, and stood there. Margery waited an instant, as if for the bird to finish an exuberant roundelay that it was practising to considerable perfection, and then she pursued her theme.

"It is not all smoke and darkness with us," she said, "though it may seem so to you, who have travelled only from town to town. We have sunshine, and it may be sweeter that it comes after many and dark days. We have song—just listen to that!—isn't it pretty? though it is not the nightingale, but only the thrush, that is content to stay with us through the cold and dreary winter. And we have music, Herr Hunyady: perhaps graver, sadder, more earnest, more repressed than in the happier lands of the South; but it is here, for all that, deep down in the hearts of many men."

He looked at her earnest countenance with a smile. "I can well believe it when you say so. You shall show me these things: I am not unwilling to learn."

She smiled too, and shook her head. "I wish I could show you. But remember, when I sang that song of yours with such delight, it was not of the woods of Hungary or of Austria that I thought, but of England, where the violets grow too, and the thrushes sing."

Edgar came towards them now from the house, and they returned to the piano.

"My left hand is at your service," Hunyady said. "What accompaniment shall I play for you?"

"Shall it be 'Sei mir gegrüsst?' I have the melody in my head after playing its replica in the Fantaisie."

She sang it with grace and ease, in a voice clear and fresh as the thrush, and the augmented second in the opening phrase proved the trueness of her ear.

"Now, you have had enough," she said at the end, just a little ashamed of the fervour of her song greeting.

"No, I want more," the pianist answered. Then, after another song, he said, "Who is it that has taught you, mein Fräulein?"

"My uncle in London; he gave lessons at the boarding-school I was at."

"He must have been glad of his pupil. Your G is an exquisite note. Can you sing the 'Nähe des Geliebten,' where it is used so much?"

"Oh, yes, I love that song." She sang it through with a certain reserve of feeling, to the last impassioned phrase, "Ich bin bei dir;" and no art alone could have produced, could have scarcely improved, the fervour of the long-drawn, closing sigh, "O, wäirst du da!"

It aroused both men; Edgar stirred uneasily in his seat, where he had sunk with his eyes fixed upon her as she sang; and Hunyady turned now that he might see her.

He spoke in a low voice, "Doch, mein Fräulein, where is it that you have learnt all this? Not at the boarding-school, nor from your uncle. You can know nothing of what you have expressed, of the exile's desire for peace and rest, of the anguish of absence to the lover, or the longing for reunion with the beloved. Then how can you sing of it with so much truth and ardour?"

"I may not have experienced it," she answered with a timid blush. "But the poet and the musician teach it to me. I seem to have felt it as I sing."

"Does the poet show you nothing that finds a refrain in your own individual heart? You sing the songs of the other sex: how is that?"

"Do I?" She stood silent for a minute after, and then smiled.



"Do you know, I think I must choose them because they are the best, the deepest and richest in meaning. The poet is a man, and naturally he speaks the best for himself, and the musician is a man, too, who clothes the poet's thoughts in music. Woman is comparatively unrepresented in song, and then only in a shallow and one-sided way."

"Mein Gott! does not the poet elevate her to an angel?"

"Oh, but that does not please her. She wants her human thoughts expressed instead. Her turn comes late in this big world; she is simply expected to smile and suffer and be still. From the first fable told with such unparalleled meanness against her, that it was she who brought sin into the world and death to man; through all the later ones, exemplified by the patient Grissell, where a passive endurance of wrong, and injury, is sung up as her highest virtue, she has been through all the ages at a disadvantage by her silence. When the poet speaks for her, she has but a gentle, sad, and secondary part to play. No true inner life, no subjectivity of existence, no deep feeling, has been expressed in the songs ascribed to her."

"Wie! has not Schubert and Schumann and Löwe set for her the songs of Goethe and Muller?"

"I don't know Löwe, nor much of Schumann; but Schubert could think of nothing better for those beautiful lines, 'Ueber Thal and Fluss getragen,' than a swinging melody that would have done for any other rhyme as well."

"But Beethoven and Goethe in 'Kennst du das Land'?"

She smiled at once. "Ah! now you have me. That song is perfect; as high-reaching and true as a man's. Let me sing it by way of atonement; I think I can remember it."

So she sang again, while he played an improvised accompaniment. Twilight was beginning to gather about the room, and the faces of the two were almost lost to Edgar where he sat. But the voice of Margery sounded to him like some spirit, expressing the longing of a despairing soul for a banished land of hope and love and happiness. Could this be the girl, bright and sympathetic, who an hour before had laughed with him and talked of his own affairs? In the silence that followed the last pathetic cry, that seemed so full of meaning, he moved uneasily forward to the two, who did not speak.

"Oh, Madge!" he protested, "sing something English—something of the home of reality, and not of imagination."

But Margery, with a murmur about its being too dark for more,

turned to the garden door, and Hunyady followed her; and Edgar, closing first the piano and picking up his violin-case and the note-book that she had forgotten, went out after them.

Outside a certain subdued radiance was visible, as if all things that had been bathed in light while the day lasted were giving it forth again now the sun was set. The sky above was deeply blue, the sickle of the rising moon peeped over the garden wall, and the pear tree softly shed its blossoms.

"Ah! truly, the world is very beautiful here as elsewhere," Hunyady said, as he slowly paced the walk by Margery's side. "But, mein Fräulein, you will not be content with this always. You have a future before you, a future that will fulfil some of the aspirations of your mind, the longings of your heart. You will taste one day that joy that you now only dimly divine in song."

Margery's eyes had been fixed on the moon, but now she gave him a frightened and wavering glance.

"Shall I?" she asked in a vibrating voice, that seemed an echo of the song. "Oh, I don't know that I desire it. There is safety in calm. After all, can joy be sweeter than the foretaste of it that I have had to-night? Is reality any richer than presentiment?"

While she spoke, one white petal came twisting slowly and silently down from the tree above them. She put out her hand to catch it as it fell; but before it had dropped, Hunyady with a rapid movement had bent and kissed her hand.

"Ach, liebes Fräulein, could I interpret you in music, could I express in tones what I begin to see in you, I should lift my art one step nearer the unutterable."

Edgar where he followed did not hear the words, but he saw the action; he turned aslant across the grass, entered the passage, and passed straight out of the house by the front door.

## THE NEEDS OF THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.\*

IN an age when music is commanding the earnest attention of all countries, when the elevating influence of the art, which is rightly termed "divine," is eagerly sought for by thousands where but a few years ago it had to fight its way amongst the unappreciative; at a time when professors of music are banding themselves together for the common weal, when the isolated and scattered atoms of a disunited whole are combining to show that in unity is strength; no apology is necessary for the subject which is chosen for these remarks, but only for the incomplete and incompetent manner in which it is treated.

This apology is offered sincerely and unfeignedly: at the same time, I would venture to express a hope that in the following pages there may be found a few suggestions worthy of attention as dealing with stern realities, hard facts, and matters of pressing moment.

Music now-a-days is, practically, an essential element of existence. In all climes and countries, in all grades of society, in all walks of life, every-day, everywhere, music of some sort—whether in the form of the highest symphonic art or in the less cultured but sadly more familiar strains of the indomitable and ubiquitous peripatetic street minstrel—is continually present. The effect it ever has of soothing the savage breast, of softening the manners and preventing them becoming brutal, of elevating and ennobling the mind, are matters which history and our own every-day experiences teach us.

The influences and effects of music are subject to the strictest conditions, and are, of necessity, variable to the greatest extent. They are capable of raising the mind to the highest pinnacle of artistic bliss, and on the other hand may lower it to the deepest depths. It is a sad, but frequent, experience of many music-loving concert-goers to be one moment lifted up, almost to the seventh heaven, by the glorious strains of one of Beethoven's great symphonies; and the next moment, upon quitting the concert hall, to be brought face to face with the unearthly growls of an itinerant organ-grinder. These are "extremes" which never meet.

Moreover, music exercises a most potent influence as well upon the national as upon the individual character, and is, indeed, an evidence of

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\* A portion of this article was read at the Annual Conference of the Music Teachers' National Association of America, on July 8th, at Indianapolis.

that character. The greater the civilization the greater the refinement and purity of its music. It is therefore necessary that the true nature and mission of music should be fully understood and appreciated ; and it is our duty to be constantly placing the ideal before every one connected with it in any way, whether as composer, teacher, executant, or critic, and to be particularly careful that nothing of a character calculated to debase and degrade our art is permitted to enter, or even to approach, our ranks. As professors, and therefore as protectors, of the divine art, our responsibilities are indeed great ; and we are answerable for its progress or its retardation, its glory or its shame. Hence, it is of the greatest importance that there should be some check put upon the indiscriminate manner in which the ranks of the profession are filled, some means adopted by which we could render the entry of the unqualified more difficult. Whilst our profession is open to all, so easy of access, so absolutely unprotected, there must ever be just cause for the enemy to blaspheme.

We are all well acquainted with that individual who, having obtained a smattering of knowledge of some kind or other, trades upon it and poses before the world as a genius. It is against empirical knowledge of this kind that art must sternly set her face, if her advantages are to be used for the greatest good. The exclusion of the unqualified is a need requiring our prompt attention ; and to the consideration of the best means to be adopted in its furtherance we may now address ourselves.

My own opinion is that the establishment of a thoroughly sound and practical entrance examination, by such representative bodies as the National Society of Professional Musicians of Great Britain and the Music Teachers' National Association of America would be an important step in the right direction : and I rejoice to learn that our American brethren are going yet further and are contemplating the establishment of a College of Music, one of the objects of which is to offer to the musical artist an examination founded on a solid basis, by the passing of which he may prove his right to be considered a "Master of Music." When this is done, and done well, it is bound to have a salutary effect upon the present unhappy position of the professor of music. The chances of his having to put up with the more than occasional snub will be lessened : he will not have to toil so hard in disagreeable work for inadequate remuneration, and will not be compelled to keep so large a supply of oil, in order to preserve a cheerful countenance under circumstances terribly depressing.

If Music is to take her proper place amongst her sister arts and sciences, she must not be behindhand in adapting herself to those methods which have proved so advantageous to the others. Examinations have succeeded in purifying other professions; and there is no reason to doubt they would be equally successful in the musical profession, if universally adopted and insisted upon. They are a safeguard against superficial knowledge of any kind; and if conducted upon a broad and solid basis, free from bias, personal favour, prejudices, and a thousand and one petty jealousies which militate so disadvantageously against many of them, they cannot fail to be of a lasting benefit to those who submit to them, and to the art in whose interest they are held. Let us hope that there will shortly be a move made in this matter in England, as there is little doubt that it would go a long way towards checkmating Mr. Impostor.

Amongst matters of perhaps less moment than others, the following what I might call "subsidiary needs" may be cited as not-altogether unworthy of attention. We might—without being a mutual admiration society—encourage a more cordial recognition of excellence in others, whether as composers or executants. We are rather too fond of the common phrases, "Oh yes! I know the composition, but I do not think very much of it. Rather twaddle!" "Mr. So-and-so is one of those little men who cannot play!" &c., &c. Surely, we need not judge everybody by the ideal standard, nor should we go out of our way to catch a glimpse of the mote which is in our brother's eye!

Much good would result from affording periodical opportunities for aspiring artists to obtain a sympathetic yet critical hearing; with no friendship to stand in the way of warning when a wrong path appears to have been entered upon. We might study more systematically the history of music, so that the rise and progress of schools and individual creations might be more fully and generally understood and appreciated; the effect of the past upon the present, properly interpreted and utilised; and the forces at our command directed upon some clearly defined lines, productive of elevating and ennobling results, instead of drifting aimlessly and fortuitously into the future, which can but end in the shipwreck of what, if treated in a liberal and truly artistic method, should add to the pleasure of, and be of practical use to, the generations to come.

This would tend to develop such characteristics in the national music as would be the true expression of the national aspirations and

hope ; creating native song, which would render unnecessary the ingrafting of foreign idioms and modes of thought upon our own musical elements.

I would also suggest the establishment of district libraries of music and musical literature, and even of works calculated to improve the general culture of musicians ; whose education, even in respect to the history of their own art, is too often neglected. There should be but little difficulty experienced in establishing such institutions : and, certainly, there would not be any great expenditure necessarily attending their management ; whilst the support they would be sure to receive from all lovers of music would, probably, make them profitable from a pecuniary as well as from an artistic point of view. The rich wealth of orchestral music now beyond the reach of many an earnest student would be accessible to all. The incalculable advantage to be gained by the study, or even perusal, of the scores of the great composers would be by such means thrown open, and facilities would be afforded for extending the knowledge of works which are at present known only to a few.

These libraries should be places where musicians could meet together for friendly intercourse. The building should also contain a room sufficiently large and commodious to enable music to be heard orally, as well as read mentally. Or, better still, they might be the local headquarters of the National Society of Professional Musicians in every town of any importance in the kingdom ; places where members could hold their regular meetings, could give performances of one another's works, could listen to and criticise one another's performances. In a word, places where could be carried on, in a thoroughly efficient manner, all that important work which that healthy society has on its hands, but which it has some difficulty in carrying out owing to the want of district clubs, libraries, or meeting houses. Indeed, it would be impossible to estimate all the uses, the advantages, and the pleasures that would be bound up in the successful establishment of musical libraries.

Again, musical artists need to encourage a proper pride in their life and work, and to endeavour to take an active part in musical organisations and enterprises. The subordination of the individual to the object in view is a virtue and necessity, the practice of which could not fail to be of untold benefit to us all, morally and practically ; whilst it would give the greatest assistance in building up a code of unwritten laws to regulate our actions one towards another—the honour, morals, and *etiquette* of the profession.

A few years ago our greatest need, first and foremost, was organisations like the National Society of Professional Musicians and the Music Teachers' National Association. These associations being now firmly established, foundations which cannot be overthrown, accomplished facts, our duty is to extend their usefulness in every direction possible, to develop and increase their powers, and not to rest satisfied until they have the management of all matters connected with the interests of the profession in their hands. This leads me to the consideration of what I believe to be a matter of great importance, viz., the unsatisfactory state of things relative to the publishing of music. Seeing that the publication and propagation of new music must have an enormous effect in moulding the musical tastes of the public, nothing can be more detrimental to the true interest of art than to leave matters entirely in the hands of those who often have no other than a pecuniary object in view. It would serve no good purpose were I to instance the number of cases in which large fortunes have been made by the publication of the most transcendent rubbish that the heart of man could conceive. Thousands of pieces of the most worthless type are being hawked in all directions, and sold by the cartload as music; whilst many compositions of real artistic merit remain either in manuscript or stored away upon the top shelf of some music shop, unknown and unasked for. The public is being morally defrauded; the middle man and the unqualified are filling their pockets with what should properly be the reward for the meritorious inventions of qualified musical composers. The publisher is not to blame for this. He is a man of business, and knows better than anyone else what is best for his business. The public demands a certain article, and he must supply it. It is not his fault that the article demanded is of no artistic value. The blame must rather be attached to those teachers of music who have done nothing to improve the public taste; to those public singers who prefer to sing ear-tickling nonsense, for a twopenny royalty, to music of an artistic character; to instrumentalists for the same reasons, and to the public for being so easily imposed upon. Let professors and teachers of music systematically boycott all the pernicious trash with which the market abounds, let them educate the public to do the same, and the publisher will soon change his stock-in-trade, the performer will think more of the intrinsic merits of the composition than the flourish or gallery-high note at the end of it, and the audience will be elevated and instructed as well as entertained. It seems to me, however, that the enormous



amount of money that is spent annually in music, the great number of music shops scattered throughout the country, and the fortunes made by their owners, ought to be a stimulus to musicians to endeavour to devise some method by which they might utilise this vast trade more in the interests of the art and its true disciples. Why cannot the associations undertake the publishing of music? Let them form a sort of club for the purpose, and publish music for music sake, and not in order to gratify the uneducated taste of the masses. An aspiring composer would then have a chance of being fairly dealt with, and the public would have a source from which they could obtain the "genuine article."

Not only, however, is the introduction of new music too much in the hands of the unqualified, but even that of musical artists also. Violinists, pianists, singers, are all more or less dependent upon them. Who is at the head of the great orchestral concerts? Who is responsible for the oratorio performances? Who manages the ballad concerts, the chamber music concerts? &c., &c. To whom must an artist apply for the privilege of an "appearance"? To whom must composers look for an opportunity to be heard?

I wonder what painters would think if the great exhibitions of the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor, and other galleries were in the hands of, say, picture frame dealers, or perhaps oil and colour merchants. How would they estimate the honour of being "hung" under such circumstances? It would be amusing to hear that Sir Frederick Leighton had secured a "hanging" from a selection committee composed of house decorators. Yet this is somewhat analogous to the state of things under which the great bulk of the musical profession is "groaning and travailing." So long as the reins of art are in the hands of trade, and checked by the curb of a selfish cliquism, so long will progress be terribly retarded. Musicians are the stewards of one of the greatest gifts which the Almighty has bestowed upon man. Can they give a satisfactory account of their stewardship? Have they not too long entrusted it to the worshippers of Mammon?

Musicians generally, and more especially provincial musicians, have, indeed, every reason for grumbling at their unhappy lot. It is the old story of the "country mouse" repeating itself yet once again. Matters, both of an artistic and business nature, are managed by a few favoured ones holding exalted positions, or else by some metropolitan educational establishments, which take peculiar care of their own

interests. We (the common herd) have been so long under the yoke of a few masters, of titled committees, have been so long hoodwinked and coddled, as to have become quite apathetic, helpless, careless, despairing. Is a cathedral organist wanted? He must be chosen by the power that kindly undertakes to rule us all. Is the office of conductor of some important orchestra vacant? Go to Germany, France, Italy, first, to find your man; and if you do not succeed, well—put up with an Englishman. Is a college of music to be established? Who so little likely to be consulted as the musician? Is any musical movement excited? Of what avail if the “three favoured ones” are not in command? The strictest, most absolute compliance with legal requirements suffices not. An Act of Parliament provides that compliance with certain requirements shall entitle an association of men, earnestly working for the public good and not for their own emolument, to recognition and protection. Even this, our legal right, is refused us by the Board of Trade, upon the advice so generously rendered by *one* of the indispensable three. The iron of slavery has entered into our very souls: and few of us dare even to assert our right of judging of our own wants and their remedies. It is of no use being satisfied with the cry, “’Tis true ’tis pity, pity ’tis ’tis true.” We want *action*, not words. “*To do* and not to *dream*” is the secret of success. We must—

“Take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them.”

Thanks, however, to the formation of our two great associations the outlook—both in England and America—once so black, is already beginning to brighten, the first streaks of light are piercing through the dark mist that has so long overshadowed us, the clouds on the horizon are dispersing, and the “winter of our discontent” is fleeing before the warming and kindly influence of friendship and fraternity.

We have now a means put into our hands by which we can do much to lighten some of our heavy burdens, a “plan of campaign” by which, if we fight shoulder to shoulder, we shall embarrass, if not actually defeat or annihilate, our many enemies and opposers. By a genuine union of purpose and a hearty co-operation we shall speedily succeed in supplying many of the “Needs of the musical profession.”

J. H. GOWER.

## TWO ROYALTIES.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN, PRINCE OF PIANISTS,

AND

JOSEPH JOACHIM, THE FIDDLER KING.

*(As sketched and estimated in the "Gartenlaube" of 1868 and 1873.)*

### ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

ANTON GREGOR RUBINSTEIN was born on the 18th November, 1829, at a village near Jassy, on the borders of Russia. His grandfather was a Jew, but his father was brought up as a member of the Greek church, whose doctrines are likewise professed by Anton Rubinstein. His parents at the time of his birth were in opulent circumstances, but at a later period they became involved in litigation in connection with their estates, and this brought in its train a considerable lessening of their means. In his earlier youth Anton already gave evidence of the possession of two things, which were to prove the beacon-lights of his after-career—a pronounced bias for music, and a consistent, energetic striving towards a goal once fixed.

His mother, a highly-cultivated woman, for some time actively employed as a teacher in a Government educational institution in Moscow, gave her children their first instruction, and to her two youngest sons, especially, she taught the art of piano-playing, of which she herself was a mistress, for both Anton and Nicholas, the next elder boy, showed extraordinary love and talent for music. It had been chiefly from the wish to obtain higher cultivation for their children that the parents had been induced to remove to Moscow, and here the boys received regular, systematic instruction in music. Anton began in his sixth year, and only two and a half years afterwards he was giving his first public concert in Moscow. The sensation wrought by the musical marvel on this occasion was immense, and moved by entreaties from all sides, his parents gave their consent to his setting out for Paris, in August, 1839, accompanied by his teacher, Villoing. But though our ten-year-old caused an equally great sensation in this metropolis, the cautious father remained undecided whether he should dedicate the boy entirely to a musical career, recognising fully that only talent of a most

unusual and high order could push its way to the forefront in matters musical. It happened that Liszt was present at Rubinstein's second concert in the Salle-Hertz. The playing of the boy-genius fired his enthusiasm to such a pitch that when the child had finished he lifted him up, and, kissing him, exclaimed, "In him I have found an heir!" Indescribable enthusiasm greeted this scene, and for a week it was the talk of Paris. For a year and a half the young pianist worked there most assiduously, Liszt himself acting as adviser. Thereupon followed the first great artistic tour through England, Holland, Sweden, and Germany, bringing fame and pecuniary gain. Then on returning from his travels, Anton spent a year with his parents, and in the year 1844, accompanied by their mother (for their ailing father was obliged to remain behind), the two sons came to Berlin, in order to perfect their theoretical musical training under Dehn, and have their names inscribed on the University register.

Nicholas, the elder brother, later on devoted himself to teaching, and was for many years Director of the Moscow Conservatorium and the concerts in connection therewith. Anton, in the course of his studies, which he pursued for nearly two years under Dehn, developed more and more decisively, and with the greatest enthusiasm threw his whole energy into the study of master-pieces and of composition. His acquaintance with Mendelssohn, who showed warm sympathy with the youth of fifteen, exercised upon him an influence wholesome and beneficial in the highest degree. In the midst of this artistically active life Anton's father died, and his mother was obliged to return to Moscow on account of her other children. Anton thus saw himself deprived of her further guidance, and thrown upon his own resources. In 1845 he betook himself to Vienna, where he gained a but indifferent living by giving lessons, all his spare time being still given to composition. Here, and afterwards in Hungary, which he visited on an artistic tour in company with the eminent flautist Heindl, who came to such an untimely end,\* were conceived a great number of the compositions which later on were published under very different circumstances. Meantime, since his hopes and wishes did not seem to be realised sufficiently quickly, he fell into a sad and despairing frame of mind, which caused him to think of emigrating to America. But it was but a hypochondriacal fit, which he soon overcame. The revolution of 1848 drove him away from Vienna; he went back to Berlin, and soon afterwards returned home.

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\* He was driving past a rifle-butt, when he was killed by a bullet accidentally ricochetting from a target.

The artist's destiny, from this time forward, took a more favourable turn. His talent gained him the favour of the Grand Duchess Helena of Russia. She made him her Chamber Musician, a position to which were afterwards added the offices of Pianist and Director of Court Concerts to the Czarina. A curious accident caused him to recompose those numerous early works mentioned above, part of which were merely sketched out and part entirely finished, for, on the journey to St. Petersburg, he was obliged to leave behind him at the frontier the box which contained the whole of his manuscripts, because an intelligent officialism suspected the plan of a secret revolutionary rising to be contained in the musical notation, a trick by no means impossible in those stirring times. He was taken for an emissary, and narrowly escaped being sent on a very inartistic tour to Siberia. In fact he was obliged to remain in hiding in St. Petersburg for some time, until he succeeded, through Count Wielhorsky, his patron, in bringing his critical position under the notice of the Grand Duchess, whereupon all further proceedings against him were abandoned. But in spite of all research his manuscripts were not to be found, and he never again saw them. And thus Rubinstein found himself obliged to reproduce his lost labours, which feat, by the help of his splendid memory, he succeeded for the most part in doing. This occupation, along with new compositions which now poured forth in unbroken succession, kept him fully employed in St. Petersburg until the year 1851.

Now at length Rubinstein thought it time to come before the world with his compositions. Generously provided with means by his patrons (the count alone made him a travelling gift of some two thousand silver roubles), three years later he undertook his first independent tour, as pianist and composer, through Germany, France, and England. As a pianist he achieved nothing but triumphs, whereas with rare exceptions the critics showed themselves adverse to, if not to say savagely hostile towards, his compositions. The Leipzig publishers, however, had keener perception: they both published his works and paid him well. Rubinstein's compositions of all kinds now flooded the musical market, which, of course, brought upon him the usual accusation of over-rapid production. To take away all ground for this reproach it is only necessary to reflect that these works were the fruit of the labour of many years, and it was only circumstances which had prevented their being published gradually. It would be impossible to follow in detail all the peregrinations of the artist; we can only select a few of the more momentous points in his career.

In 1856 he was summoned to the coronation ceremonies of the Czar at St. Petersburg. Here he composed his "Festival Overture," for the dedication of which to the Czar he was rewarded by a magnificent gift of jewels. As one of the court retinue of the Grand Duchess, he accompanied her to Nice; then again he took a more extended artistic tour, always industriously composing, for the most part larger works, as for instance an oratorio, "Paradise Lost," and a grand opera, "The Children of the Heath," for Vienna.

Rubinstein's status in St. Petersburg was such, and other circumstances had meanwhile so shaped themselves, that he was now in a position to carry out a plan which he had long cherished. Supported by powerful patrons, within the span of a single year he brought to a state of perfection the "Russian Musical Society," an institution richly endowed with both artistic and monetary means; and a year later the Conservatorium, embracing all branches of music, was in full working order. For both institutions he showed a most salutary self-sacrificing energy and zeal. As Director of the Conservatorium, for instance, not only was the entire management in his hands, but also the organisation and supervision of the instruction given, the holding of examinations, and, in addition, the whole of the teaching of composition fell upon his shoulders.

Wearing activity like this could only have its source in the most self-sacrificing love for the institutions created and brought to such perfection by him; and it at the same time affords an explanation of the fact that an encroachment of other influences, running counter to his own tendencies, should have led him, at one time, temporarily to abandon his creative work.

Over and above all, he actually gave private lessons and found time for composing. At this period were produced his lyrical opera "Feramors" (given for the first time in Dresden), two pianoforte concertos, a grand piano fantasia as solo, and one equally great as duet, chamber music, choruses, songs, pianoforte pieces, the symphonies in A and in C major (the "Ocean" symphony), &c.

There but remains to give an epitome of Rubinstein as a composer.

Taking into consideration the enormous productive power which dominates this artist, we are as yet unable to form an adequate estimate of the culminating point to which he may attain, however marked his individuality already appears: one thing is perfectly assured, that even now, in certain branches of his art, he is no longer one of the Epigones, but ranks as a master.

His inventive power is of the highest originality, full of *verve*, not "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," manly, healthy, profound and fervid, grand and powerful. He is master of all forms and modes of expression, his taste is of exquisite delicacy, his aim absolutely noble. If we make a special study of the general character of Rubinstein's music—his method and manner of thinking and feeling in sound—we must perforce recognise that he is absolutely commensurate to, indeed the faithful exponent of, our modern ways of thought. The breadth and vastness of his melodious conceptions and the subtlety of his harmonious combinations stamp him as an artist modern amongst moderns, in the noblest sense of the word; as one who, when all is said and done, stands purely and absolutely upon *musical ground*.

In his vocal compositions it is not the so-called harmony of words which he seeks to bring out, but the melody of feeling. He is either unable, or cares not, to rise to the height of expressing philosophical ideas in his instrumental compositions. On the other hand, he ever finds the musical equivalent of the most various shades of emotion. He is most in touch with Mendelssohn and Schumann, in so far as original talent can be said to be in touch at all. As a writer of melody, Rubinstein is less elegiacally-sentimental than the former, less obscure than the latter, more powerful than either. His music is essentially good-humoured; sometimes his muse may pout, but she remains ever a stranger to that which the Germans call "*Weltschmerz*." The strongly-marked, vigorous, sharply-cut relief of his themes, and their contrasts, ever new and rich in fancy, are suggestive of Beethoven's mind and art; the natural witchery of his songs recalls to us Schubert's "*spring of melody*," flowing ever forth from the depths of his heart.

Rubinstein is a man of solid literary attainment, possessing a remarkable fund of scientific and general knowledge; he is a master in all social art—as much at home in the *salon* as in the study. He is of open, straightforward character, in personal intercourse winning, modest, yet without any derogation of dignity, of ready wit, in his judgment of others lenient, towards friends communicative, generally more serious than merry.

A short time ago he married a young Russian of distinguished family.

As a pianist Rubinstein has been so often praised that repetition only is possible. Suffice it to say that, since Liszt has retired from public performance, he stands without a rival in this domain of his art.



## JOSEPH JOACHIM.

JOSEPH JOACHIM, the youngest of seven children, was born on the 28th June, 1831, at Kittsee, an insignificant village near Presburg. His father was a trader in a small way, who, in spite of strenuous endeavours to better his position, remained a poor man. Our hero had not completed his first year when the family went to settle in Pesh.

The universal experience that no talent shows itself so early as that of music was to be again illustrated in him. A guitar, which was wont to serve as accompaniment in the vocal practice of his eldest sister, was his pet plaything, until one day his father brought home for him from the fair a child's fiddle. This now became his inseparable companion, and soon beneath the tiny, active fingers it began to grow vocal and harmonious. Whatever he heard he would afterwards reproduce on his instrument. When boys of his own age were engaged in noisy play around him he would crouch down in some out-of-the-way corner, in perfect happiness, reproducing the melodies which he had picked up from the wandering gypsies, those indefatigable guardians of the rich national treasure of melody. Often had his people to search for him by the hour until distant notes would at length reveal to them his whereabouts.

Thus matters went on until he was six years old, when the boy began to receive instruction. It was his good fortune to find an experienced and conscientious teacher in the Pole, Servaczinski, to whom he owed the attainment of that early and safe "*technique*" which forms the indispensable basis of every artistic calling, and for the lack of which no after expenditure of pains is able to make up.

Before he was seven years old he had won his first laurels in the concert room. He had gradually exhausted all the musical pabulum provided by his native country, and now it became time to think of transplanting him to some more fertile soil. In Vienna there lived two of his father's well-to-do brothers, and they promised to look after their nephew's future. The next thing was to place him under George Hellmesberger's tuition. This artist, after giving instruction to our hero for almost a year, unexpectedly declared that the right hand of his pupil was too weak to handle the bow with the necessary energy. Just at that time the famous violinist, Ernst, was celebrating brilliant triumphs in the Austrian capital. To him our youthful artist hastened, and told him of his plight, meeting with a kind reception, and receiving not merely consolatory encouragement and stimulating incitement, but,

what was more to the purpose, actual help. Thanks to the mediation of the *virtuoso*, Ernst's excellent teacher, Bohn, received the boy into his own house, in order to be able to give every free moment to him. After three years had gone by there was nothing he could impart to his pupil. The education of the violinist was now complete—that of the artist was yet to begin.

In the thirties and forties of the present century Leipzig was the undisputed centre of German musical life, the focus which both received and dispensed all light and warmth. Vienna, once proud queen in the realm of sound, now found enjoyment and satisfaction but in the sweet siren-songs of voluptuous sensuousness. The same stage for which Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert had created so many of their noblest works was now given up to Italian opera, to the fatal star-system of concert-givers, and to the fascinating Strauss waltzes; whilst the mighty dead rested forgotten in their graves. What the present time possessed in the way of musical productive wealth took creative shape in the persons of Mendelssohn and Schumann. To both Leipzig had become a second home. There they wrought by word and by example; there in the newly-erected Conservatorium of Music and in the old renowned Gewandhaus performances (still the pattern of all that is sterling in concert-giving over the whole civilised world) might be traced the fountain-head of all artistic teaching and stimulus. A cousin of Joachim, a lady with whom in early days he had diligently practised the Beethoven sonatas, had married and settled in Leipzig. She could never say enough of all the musical marvels on the banks of the Pleisse, and every one of her letters was to our artist an alluring call to which his inner voice made loud and ever louder response. At length he could no longer resist. Notwithstanding the opposition of his uncles, he seized his wandering staff and merrily entered the "Reich." \*

We know from Mendelssohn's letters what he was to his younger fellow-artist, what a true friend and indefatigable helper every serious worker ever found in him. In the most sympathetic manner he took up the cause of the thirteen-year-old Hungarian fiddler, whose genuine artistic *cachet* his keen experienced eye recognised at the first glance. Unremittingly he aided him, by giving both counsel and material help; everywhere his paternal care surrounded him; almost daily his little "cherub-faced trombone player," as he used playfully to call him, must come and "make music" with him. It was he who opened his eyes to

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\* Germany, as distinguished from German Austria.

the spirit of the masters, who allowed him to be eye-witness of his own composing, who watched over and corrected his attempts at composition, and who, under David's guidance, had him introduced to the style of the school of Spohr. And not only did the musical development of his protégé lie next his heart, but he also took care that the youthful mind should not lack general intellectual culture. Neither in Pesth nor in Vienna had Joachim followed any studies outside those belonging to a strictly musical education—his violin had been everything to him—and he had, in quite a casual way, acquired little more than the three R's. At Mendelssohn's bidding, who selected for him suitable teachers, he now worked industriously at Latin, history, German literature, and modern languages. But more yet to him than all these studies was the unbroken personal intercourse with the master. How zealously he strove in everything to live up to his high model is proved, amongst other things, by the exterior circumstance that his handwriting, even to this day, bears a remarkable resemblance to that of Mendelssohn. Of Mozart and his pupil Süßmayer a similar fact is related.

In the winter of 1844 Joachim was already playing in public at Leipzig, and in the next year he followed Mendelssohn to London. That sacred shrine of English concert life, the hall of the Philharmonic Society, whose threshold was sternly guarded by a clause denying entrance to all musical juvenile prodigies, opened its doors to Joachim. This, however, was only brought about by the composer of "St. Paul" pledging his word that in the half-fledged youth there really existed a perfect full-blown artist. By his execution of the Beethoven Concerto, Joachim at that time laid the foundation of his extraordinary popularity in England. Many a London season has since welcomed him as an honoured guest.

After returning to Leipzig he became a member of the Gewandhaus orchestra, which was likewise that of the theatre whenever opera was performed. Rich opportunity here was afforded him to get to know the orchestra as a whole, as well as the nature of each individual instrument. In the autumn of 1849 he went, with the title of "Concertmeister," to Weimar, where Liszt reigned supreme, gathering about him the whole of young musical Germany, and striving to recall, by the power of sound, the glory of bygone times. This new sphere of activity did not long enchain our young artist; for so soon as 1851 he obeyed a call to Hanover as chief conductor of the Symphony Concerts established there in the course of that winter.

In 1863 he married Amalie Weiss, at that time *prima donna* at the Court Theatre, and after the Prusso-Austrian war had swept away the throne of the Guelphs he settled in Berlin. His influence in every direction has not failed to leave its mark upon the musical life of his newly-chosen home, not only in the concert-room, but as the director and principal of the Berlin Hochschule für Musik, a state-subsidized institution.

That he can hold his own against the "powers that be" was proved *inter alia* by the *fracas* with the Minister of Instruction and Fine Arts, Von Mühler, who, on his own authority, dismissed one of the teachers of the Academy. Although at that time attention was centred on the Franco-German war, the matter did not pass without exciting considerable comment, and it was even dragged into Parliamentary proceedings, serving as a stalking-horse to the "Progressists." The result, as is well known, was that the statesman was worsted, and the musician issued as victor from the combat.

Amongst all the *virtuosi* of the present day Joachim undoubtedly occupies the first place. If it be that the highest attainment of art—the real soul of all music—is to be found in the tone produced, whether from the human voice or from an instrument, then is Joachim *facile princeps*, for it is the marvellous breadth and perfect beauty of his tone and the wonderful variety of expression which he evolves from his instrument which give the characteristic impress to the playing of our Fiddler-King. In every phase that music can assume—the deep chest note of the G string, the highest of flageolet sounds—in every degree of strength, even in the most powerful *fortissimo* which carries away the united force of the whole orchestra, he remains dominant, and asserts his inborn supremacy. Hand in hand therewith goes a facility of execution which no difficulties ever succeed in discomposing; the most hazardous passages fall spontaneously from his strings; his intonation being ever pure and clear as a bell, the articulation of each phrase distinct and transparent down to the very smallest detail.

To come to the most essential part of all—this splendid and infallible "technique" remains entirely at the service of a mind ever directed towards the purely ideal in art. Absolute fidelity, simplest veracity, stern adherence to the composer's intention, are the elements in which Joachim's execution lives and breathes, and from which it draws all its strength. Nowhere is the countenance of the composer obscured or dimmed by subjective additions on the part of the performer; it is

always the essence of the composition which we receive, without deduction or meretricious ornament. How the player is entirely merged in the artist becomes apparent in the choice of works with which he appears before the public. No consideration for outside success can ever tempt him to perform one of those well-known mechanical productions solely designed to feed the *bravura* longings of a vain executant.

The richest and most solid treasures of violin literature lie deposited in the string quartet; and the unremittent cultivation, therefore, of chamber music lies nearest to Joachim's heart. He is the centre of a society of artists who, season after season, give all music-lovers the opportunity of hearing Haydn's, Mozart's, Beethoven's, Schubert's, Mendelssohn's, and Schumann's works of this class. The largest of Berlin concert-rooms is hardly sufficient for the crowds who flock to these performances, and we cannot but marvel that one of the purest and severest forms of art should be enjoyed to the full and hailed with acclamation, not only by the narrow circle of connoisseurs, but by the great masses of the people—a circumstance little short of a modern miracle in a city which, like all other capitals, is supposed to be largely devoted to materialistic enjoyment.

Joachim is known to us as a composer, more particularly by his Hungarian Concerto; while in the capacity of Director of the Hochschule für Musik in Berlin he is signally successful. This institution is constantly advancing, flourishes in every way, and can point with just pride to its achievements in the field of violin playing. Moreover, on the occasion of a public examination of its students it has "many a time and oft" proved itself to be in possession of an orchestra of stringed instruments of which it would be difficult to find the equal. Thus the life of our great artist is in no sense barren, since the spirit of the master still lives in his disciples, and transmits to posterity a school worthy of the highest traditions of the divine art of Music.

MARIAN MILLAR.

## NAUMANN'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.\*

TO write a History of Music is a task involving an immense amount of labour and careful study. The subject is so wide and branches into so many directions that an author has need of the greatest perseverance, and a sympathy so wide as to extend with interest into every phase of musical art. We may note, before considering the book in question, some of the main directions which an author would have to take who set himself to write a History of Music. The consideration to which perhaps the greatest importance should be assigned, is the gradual formation of the material of music. Other arts, such as sculpture and painting, have had the material, so to speak, ready to hand: music has been at the disadvantage of having to create its own means of expression. In this fact we see the reason why it is so late in its development.

Taken in connection with this, we should need a description of the instruments by the aid of which at the different periods expression has been found for musical thoughts, and an account of the development of notation by which it has become possible to preserve these thoughts. Again, the history of music involves the turning aside frequently to the consideration of religion; with which the tonal art has been so closely connected. A discussion of the views which, at different periods and among different nations, people regarded art in general and music in particular would find a fitting place. Lastly, the history of music involves an account of the lives of the great musicians. This last feature gains a predominance when we come to modern times.

The author has kept these considerations well in view, and on the whole has preserved a just balance. The book is the work of a scientific mind, anxious to discover general principles and filled with a genuine enthusiasm for music. The following extract from the preface will show the aim of the author in writing this book:—

“The work that is here submitted to the public will, no doubt, be permitted to claim, being the first of its nature, that indulgent judgment usually extended to initial attempts on hitherto untrodden paths. Notwithstanding all the excellent work published within the last few years, on account of the desire of the ever-increasing number of the serious

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\* The History of Music, by Emil Naumann. Translated by F. Praeger. Edited by the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., Mus.D. Cassell & Co.

friends of music for further knowledge of musical history, there was a want felt of a work that would with pictorial aid meet that demand. The aid of illustrations of important musical documents, &c., has therefore been called in to render the comprehension of past periods and the ever-changing position of musical art more clear. To effect such a purpose has been the aim of the present work."

The two volumes of this book contain a solid mass of information spreading over more than a thousand pages. It will be seen from this that it requires not mere reading, but careful study; and in this respect it is hardly entitled to be termed popular. In the first volume, dealing with the early stages of music, this is especially the case.

From the point of view of both the student wishing to enter carefully into the subject, and of the general reader who will hardly have patience to read everything, the illustrations will prove of great use and interest. To everyone interested in music the work would be found useful as a book of reference; for this it is well adapted from the completeness of its survey, extending, as it does, from Chinese music to the music and musicians of to-day. Mention should be made of the admirable chapters which point out the main features belonging to each period: these were rendered necessary to avoid, as much as possible, abruptness in passing from the description of one school, or period, to that of the next.

Before passing to an enumeration of the contents of the book, it should be mentioned that the translation by Ferdinand Praeger has been exceedingly well done. The German work is presented to us in good intelligible, readable English.

The book begins with a short introductory chapter on the development of music in the classical and pre-classical eras, after which we find accounts of the music of the Chinese, Japanese, Hindoos, the Egyptians, Israelites, Islamites, Greeks, and Romans.

In describing the music of the Chinese, the author gives an account of their musical scale and its development, adding some interesting narrative concerning the views the Chinese held with reference to their music, as exemplified, for instance, in the names they gave to the notes. With regard to the oldest scale from F to D, omitting the B, we read: "The lowest note of this scale, F, was called 'emperor'; the G, 'prime minister'; A, 'loyal subjects'; C, 'affairs of state'; and the D, 'mirror of the world'." Next follows a careful account of the Chinese musical instruments; which is perhaps too crowded with facts to be suitable for the general reader, though this is in a great measure atoned for by the admirable illustrations which accompany the text. Only a small demand



on the energy of the reader ought to be made in a popular work: at the same time, too great a suppression of detail would make the treatment of the subject shallow and incomplete. It is difficult, then, for an author to so steer his course, as to avoid both Scylla and Charybdis, especially in dealing with the early stages of music, when the very names are unfamiliar. The desire for thoroughness, which is characteristic of the Germans, has induced our author to seek as much as he dare for completeness, and we think he errs rather in presenting a superabundance of material than in superficiality.

Some examples are given of Chinese melodies, which are characterised by an almost entire want of point or purpose. One of these melodies is written in the old scale of five notes just mentioned, and the fact that it only contains notes which belong to this scale appears to be the authority for its antiquity. The second example is interesting from the fact of its having been made use of by C. M. von Weber in his overture to "Turandot."

The examples of Hindoo melodies we can scarcely take as being representative of ancient music. They are melodies which still exist; and only *reflect* what we may suppose the ancient music of the Hindoos to have been.

In the next chapter the author seeks to show that the Egyptians were a highly musical people. The difficulty of determining the nature of their music is greater than in the case of the Chinese or Hindoos. There is but scant information in the way of manuscripts; whereas in the case of the Chinese and Hindoos considerable material may be gathered from the sacred books which are preserved for us. "The sacred books of the Egyptians are chiselled in stone, and it is from the temples, obelisks, and tombs that we have to read." Taking into account the extreme conservatism displayed by the Egyptians, it is allowable to suppose that some melodies which are still extant will not be radically different from what were in use with them in the earliest times. Through careful working of the materials at hand, the author has endeavoured with some success to determine the probable character of Egyptian music, and to show that there is good ground for attributing to them an appreciation of harmony, in which they differed from the Chinese and Hindoos.

In each section the author has kept well in view the connection between religion and music. In the chapter on the Israelites he was able to deal with this more fully. It is to their religion that we must attribute the supremacy of the Israelites in music over other nations.

We read : "What distinguished the Israelitic conception of a Godhead from that of other nations of the pre-Christian era was that, instead of deifying nature, they adopted the belief of an only and indivisible God, whose work was all nature. They were the first to perceive that God, the omnipotent, was the creator of the world, from whose hand everything proceeded ; and whose being, therefore, could not be represented by any picture, nor expressed in the form of an image. This transcendental and idealised conception of the Almighty was regarded with inconceivable astonishment by all the nations who came into contact with them. It was this belief which stamped its impress on their poetry and music—the only two arts which became developed in Israel. How favourable such a belief was to the tonal art can best be judged from the fact that music now occupies amongst the arts a position similar to that which the religion of the Israelites held amongst the people of antiquity."

The author states his opinion that the Israelites had a well-developed feeling for harmony. This view he arrives at from a consideration of the nature of their instruments, and their national character and religion. He says : "Thus, when the Psalmist exclaimed, 'My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God ; when shall I come to appear before the presence of God ?' or when, in sorrowful accents, he cried, 'The seas are mighty and rage horribly : all thy waves and storms are gone over me : to express such depth of feeling the mere melodic outline does not suffice ; it claims that richness of tonal colouring which the harmony of music can alone adequately supply.'" Again, in harmonising a Hebrew melody the author states that it lent itself most readily to unusual and especially diminished chords, and so concludes that these chords were known to the Israelites. We think with the English editor that the author has been too far carried away by his theory when he attributes to the Israelites the comprehension of such a chord as, for instance, that of the diminished seventh.

The examples of melodies given in this section have, as their authority, tradition. We should bear in mind, on the one hand, the tenacity with which the Jews have held to their traditions ; on the other hand, the way in which they have been scattered has been unfavourable to the strict retention of original melodies. The author rightly attaches more importance to such Hebrew melodies as he has found to be still substantially the same, though employed in many parts of Europe.

Passing on to the music of the Greeks, we find a suitable comparison of the Israelites and the Greeks : "When speaking of the Israelites, I said that they were the first to employ music and poetry as a means of

establishing a personal relationship with the Godhead; on the other hand, the Greeks cultivated art solely and entirely for itself."

The Greek mythology bearing on music is given at some length, followed by a short account of Greek scales, a Pythian ode by Pindar, and a detailed description of Greek instruments. No account is given of Greek notation, which we consider to be an important omission, for the meaning of the notation employed by the Greeks is fairly well determined, so that, were only some authentic musical manuscripts forthcoming, the solution of them would probably be of no great difficulty.

With regard to music in the Middle Ages, Emil Naumann has pointed out the influence on music of the Christian religion and the elevated social status of woman. These he takes to be the two main influences on music in the Middle Ages; and he shows them to be exemplified in the "adoption of a new tutelary deity for the tonal art. This was no longer the skilled archer, but a woman—the devout St. Cecilia." After an endeavour to establish St. Cecilia as a real historical being, there is a description of the work of St. Ambrose and Gregory the Great. In this connection we meet with the first examples of musical notation which was brought to a more developed state by Guido of Arezzo.

At the end of the section on early Christian Hymnology we have to thank the English editor for inserting an account of the old Northumbrian round, "Sumer is icumen in." Sir John Hawkins, in his "History of Music," assigns this composition to "about the middle of the 15th century," but subsequent investigation has shown that it must have belonged to a much earlier time. Mr. Chappell felt justified in giving the date as about 1226. At any rate we may consider it as the earliest known example of contrapuntal composition; and it justifies us, as far as our present knowledge goes, in looking upon the early English School of composition as the oldest. We notice, in the version here given, that the fourth bar is composed of two crotchets and a semibreve. In Grove's "Dictionary of Music," and in the "History" of Sir John Hawkins, this bar is printed as a dotted minim, crotchet and minim. "Wel songes thy cuccu" is not in accordance with the original manuscript, which has "Wel singes thu cuccu."

The chapter on "Folk-music," dealing with the Troubadours and Minnesingers, is extremely complete, and we feel that here the author specially had his heart in his work. We are shown how in the songs of the Troubadours and Minnesingers there is a breaking away from the old Church modes, and an introduction of our own major and minor keys. An advance, too, is seen in the efforts which were made in harmony. In

spite of the service which the Church has unquestionably rendered to musical art, we cannot help recognising that it has frequently had a cramping effect. Often, in the history of music we see contemporary secular music far in advance of that employed in the Church; that is to say we find in the songs of the people, as opposed to the music belonging to the Church, forms which are far nearer to those which have ultimately proved best fitted for the musical expression of feeling.

In this section the author gives not only a great amount of detail but presents this detail in an intelligible form, showing the tendencies towards a higher musical state. Joined with the history of the Troubadours and Minnesingers is an account of the now more developed musical instruments.

Next follow sections devoted to the old French and the Netherland Schools, dealing with the growth of Polyphony, after which is a chapter by the editor on early English Music. We read: "It is certain that the very earliest Welsh records seem to prove the existence of harmony in Wales. Doubtless it was of the rudest kind; but it was far in advance of the miserable attempt at harmony (if we may call it so) which we find in the works of the early writers on musical theory. Such men as Huchald, for instance, would not admit of any harmonic intervals except octaves, fifths, fourths, elevenths, and twelfths, and these were used, as has been already shown in former chapters of this work, in long consecutions of similar perfect concords, such as would offend all modern ears, and drive any musician of our own times to desperation. There is every reason, however, to suppose that the popular harmony of the very early times to which I refer was of a very different kind from this. It admitted major and minor thirds among its consonances, and was framed to please the natural ear rather than to satisfy the requirements of ill-understood Greek theories."

Passing on to the time of the Reformation, the author has shown that the spirit of the Reformation was not anti-Catholic, but "a freer interpretation of accepted dogmas"; and in answer to the charge against Protestantism of having impeded the progress of the fine arts he quotes the words of Luther: "I am not of opinion that the teachings of the Gospel tend to check the growth of art, as some deluded clericals pretend. It is my belief that all arts, especially music, might advantageously be used in the services of Him who has created them."

Emil Naumann has with a good deal of fire opposed the view of Bäumker that "Ein feste Burg" was patched up by Luther from Gregorian melodies. After quoting the passages having the supposed

resemblance, and showing that such resemblance is only imaginary, he ends by saying: "It does not seem at all possible that so enthusiastic and passionate a spirit as Luther would, in the hour of devotion, have turned to a dusty old Antiphonal to find a melody that should fit his fiery "Ein feste Burg." And be it remembered that it was neither a complete song with a continuous flowing melody, nor were the Latin words in keeping with his own verses, but detached phrases, gathered from five different parts of the old Gregorian song. Is it to be credited that such a conglomeration should have possessed that kindling power which procured for the Luther song, with the rapidity of lightning, so firm a hold on the hearts of all Protestant people, whether of Germany or elsewhere, and which since the days of its inventor has been the battle-song of countless millions of Protestant devotees? We think not, unless there could be shown to exist a similarly patched work enjoying the same healthy longevity, and certainly not until more conclusive evidence is adduced than that brought forward by Bäumker." An important feature of Luther's work the author shows to have been the adoption of the German Volkslied in the evangelical liturgy. After an account of Luther's followers and a description of the instruments in use at this period, our attention is drawn to the classical tone-poets of Italy. The centre figure of this period is, of course, Palestrina, whose chief grounds for fame are pointed out to be in "his masterly management of the voices and the beauty of the melodic phrases." Composers hitherto had generally been content to write pedantically, with little attempt at the expression of deep feeling. A noteworthy work of Palestrina was the establishing of a tone-school, which remained an important musical feature for nearly a century. The rest of this section is devoted to an account of the students of the Palestrina style.

Next follow chapters on the "Tuscan School and the Musical Drama," "Lotti and the Masters of the Catholic Restoration;" and a chapter on "Music in England in the Middle Ages" by the editor.

After Scarlatti and the Neapolitan School we come to Lully and Rameau, famous for his theory of harmony and for his energy in establishing the system of equal temperament. From 1550 to 1700 the Italians were pre-eminent in musical achievements; with their decline the Germans rose into prominence. These German masters the author divides into two groups, (1) pupils of the Italians, (2) precursors of Bach. In the first group are included the names, with short accounts of each, of Gallus, Meiland, Gumpeltzhaimer, Erbach, Hassler, Aichinger, &c., pupils of the Venetian school; Kerl and Froberger, pupils of

Frescobaldi and Carissimi, of the Roman school; Georg Muffat and Heinrich Biber, who studied in Paris as well as in Italy. This list will show the detail into which the author has gone; much of which will, so far from interesting the general reader, only bewilder and confuse him. Similar minuteness is shown in dealing with the precursors of Bach—Scheidt, Scheidemann and Schultz, Reinken and Buxtehude; though here the tedium is relieved by the interest attaching to the close connection between these masters and Bach himself.

The editor adds chapters on English music during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary; and "on that brighter period when, under the reign of the last Tudor sovereign, the art of music reached a very high standard of perfection—so much so, that the reign of Elizabeth has often been designated as the Augustan age of English art." This was a period when English music could hold its own against that of any other nation, and the worth of the compositions then produced may be seen in the fact that many of them may be heard at the present day.

In explanation of the spread of what is termed the musical *Zopf* over Central Europe, the author writes: "Zopf is a term that has at one time or another been applied to indicate a certain style in all the arts. It implies a predominance of the unreal, the incidental, and external, over the real, the essential, and internal; a confounding of the means with the end; an elaboration of one side of an artistic creation at the expense of all others; a shifting of the balance of an art-work in which all factors should be relatively proportioned. The same term applies in music when the skill of the virtuoso is displayed for the sake of display, instead of being employed as a means for an effective interpretation of the composer, or when the composer develops the melody at the expense of the polyphonic and rhythmic elements of his art."

The first volume is brought to a close by two chapters on English music, by the editor; bringing us down to the time when Handel appeared. This first volume, we think, is the more valuable of the two, as it deals with periods where materials have to be carefully and suspiciously examined.

To the student of musical history this work will be useful, as it supplies information which it would be impossible, or difficult, for him to search out from original sources. Music is so late in its development that the earliest times must necessarily be clouded and obscure. We have to be content in very many points with what falls much below



certainty. A historian of early musical periods has need of a vivid imagination ; which, however, should never be allowed to run loose, but be kept in check by reason. Emil Naumann has, on the whole, well combined scientific description with an interesting style, which is the result of enthusiasm.

If we compared this work with "The History of Music" by Sir John Hawkins, we should see a difference in the treatment illustrative of the change which the modern scientific spirit has produced on works of a historical character. The latter's history is mainly a collection of undigested and frequently unintelligible material : in the history of the former we find the *results* of studying and critically examining materials which he could find.

The second volume deals with the music of modern times, and is, to a great extent, biographical in character. Under what is termed "The epoch of Genius in German Music" we find the works of Bach, Händel, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven ; while the epoch of German talents is represented by Schubert, Weber, Spohr, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, and Schumann. It should be explained that the author draws a distinction between "style" and "manner ;" connecting with these, respectively, genius and talent.

For Johann Sebastian Bach the author has a special enthusiasm, which appears to have led him, in speaking of the "Wohltemperirte Clavier," to attribute to this work a kind of excellence which will probably be not generally admitted. We read : "If the heart be heavy, the wearied one need but turn to the B minor prelude, part 1, of the 'Wohltemperirte Clavier,' and there he will feel that Bach weeps with him and consoles him. How nobly grand is the triumphant prelude in D major, part 2 ; and the following figure, in its restless striving after a heroic ideal, is equally invigorating. He whose mood is contemplative, yearning for the eloquent silence of the forest, with its whispering trees and babbling brooklets, let him turn to the C major prelude in part 1. The C sharp minor fugue of the same part never fails to produce in the mind the picture of some grand sacred edifice," &c. The author's judgment here is questionable in attributing to fugues (in which the intellectual element is the more important feature) such a capability of definite portrayal. It may be doubted whether anything is ever gained by intimating the probable or necessary pictures which a piece of music will call up.

The chapters on the great classical masters contain a great amount of interesting and instructive information : and though there is little



new said of them, yet the material is well digested, and presented in such a form that it becomes possible to get some view of them as a whole.

After a section on the influence of the German genius epoch on Italy and France, we have an interesting account of the "New Romantic School." Of the masters of this school we read that in their works "the contents and form are opposed, and the idiosyncrasy and fancy of the composer replace the eternal laws of art which have been developing for the space of a thousand years."

A chapter is devoted to Berlioz and Wagner. Emil Naumann is by no means an admirer of the "Music of the Future." His remarks on Wagner are very good, and show a just appreciation of the function of music.

Passing on to our own times the author says, "The period of the present might with some justice be described as the period of the 'Epigones,' i.e., of those whose art-works form the art-production of transition alternative with the existence of the great geniuses. The leading feature of such periods is the would-be degradation of preceding geniuses and the attempted discovery of others." In this chapter a list is given of musicians of the present, both composers and performers; and the scant notice of English musicians which the author gives is only partially made up for in a chapter on "Modern English Music" by the editor, with which the volume ends.

No account of this "History of Music" would be complete without a notice of the excellent collection which the work contains of facsimiles, examples in musical notations of the different periods, as well as illustrations of instruments, portraits of musicians, &c. The publishers, as well as the author, are to be congratulated on the way in which the book has been presented to the reader.

ARTHUR WATSON.

